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THE
HISTORY
OF
EMILY WILLIS,
A
NATURAL DAUGHTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for F. NOBLE, at his Circulating
Library, near *Middle Row, Holborn;*

AND

J. NOBLE, at his Circulating Library in St.
Martin's-Court, Leicester-Square.

MDCCLXVIII.



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EMILY WILLIS:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

NATURAL DAUGHTER.

BOOK IV.

EMILY was prevented from ruminating on Sir *George's* last Letter, by the Arrival of Mrs. *Easy*, who came to the Door just as his Servant went from it. As soon as she had welcom'd her to Town, she inform'd her of all that had pass'd, during her Stay at *Kensington*, and produc'd both Sir *George's* Letters, and Copies of her own. Mrs. *Easy* highly commended her Conduct. She was indeed

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deed very glad that Sir *George* had given such Proofs of his Regard for her, and which convinced her that she had behaved prudently at Mrs. *Freelove's*. She cou'd not help thinking, however, that it was a Pity she was, in a Manner, obliged to decline so advantageous an Offer; an Offer wherein her Heart was so warmly interested: But she forbore to shew any Compassion, lest it shou'd increase her Uneasiness, which, she saw, was very great, tho' she us'd her utmost Endeavours to conceal it. She therefore said all she cou'd to comfort her, and make her chearful.

You shall remain with me, my dear *Emily*, said she, till you can meet with a more agreeable Situation.—I can never be more happily situated, Madam, replied *Emily*, but I must try to procure an upper Servant's Place in a worthy Family, if I cannot find a Lady who will receive me for a Companion: And I am afraid I shan't soon meet with a Lady of that Turn.—Why so, my Dear? said Mrs. *Easy*. It is true I have not yet heard of a Lady who wants a Companion, but perhaps I may hear of one in a little Time. I can't consent to your going to
be



be a common Servant, as that Way of Life will never do. Mrs. *Coleman* was telling me, the Day I went to *Kensington*, that she knew a Lady who wanted a young Person to be always about her, to hire her Servants, and to manage her family Affairs: She told me indeed, at the same Time, that she was afraid you wou'd not like this Lady, because she is so very whimsical: But as she is a Woman of Character and Family, and of a generous Disposition, a few Oddities shou'd not, I think, deter you from making yourself known to her. One must not be too much out of Humour with People, and take a Dislike to them because they are whimsical. There's a great Deal to be got by such People, by nice Management. You are of a very even Temper, and can easily make yourself agreeable to one of a different Turn. If you have no Objection, therefore, I will desire Mrs. *Coleman* to introduce you to this Lady.—I return you many Thanks, Madam, said *Emily*, for interesting yourself so kindly in my Affairs, and am ready to wait on the Lady as soon as Mrs. *Coleman* is at Leisure, and the sooner the better.—*Emily* expressed the four last Words of her Speech with

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a particular Emphasis, because she cou'd not bear to live upon Mrs. *Easy*, who had but a scanty Fortune of her own.

Mrs. *Easy* then told her she wou'd step to the Gentleman she mention'd to her before, and consult him about *Hippocrene*, and at her Return have a little Chat with Mrs. *Coleman*. She accordingly took Leave of her, but return'd in a Couple of Hours.

My Friend, said she, has promised to write immediately to a Correspondent of his at *Dublin*, and to desire him to enquire after *Hippocrene*; and intends to write to him himself, when he knows where he is to be found. He advises you to write also, and will tell you what to say. *Emily* again thank'd her for interesting herself in her Affairs, and put her in mind of Mrs. *Coleman*. Mrs. *Coleman's* Company was then immediately desired; but before the Servant could deliver her Message, a Letter came to Mrs. *Easy*, which obliged her to postpone the Visit, because it required a speedy Answer.--It came from Sir *George*.—As soon as she had given it a cursory Perusal, she read it aloud to *Emily*.

“ To

“ *To Mrs. EASY.*

“ *MADAM,*

“ **A**S I am thoroughly acquainted
“ with your Attachment to Miss
“ *Willis*, as I know you have deservedly
“ gained a great Influence over her, and
“ are not ignorant of any Thing relat-
“ ing to her, I have taken the Liberty
“ to trouble you with this Letter. I
“ write it, Madam, to intreat you to be
“ so much my Friend also, as to endea-
“ vour to make the charming *Emily* sen-
“ sible of the Sincerity of my Professi-
“ ons; and to make her believe, that
“ there is nothing I so ardently wish for
“ as to make her mine, by the strictest
“ Ties of Honour and Affection.

“ I once flattered myself, that she
“ wou'd have had no Objection to me,
“ and am still happy to find that she has
“ none, but what proceeds entirely from
“ an excessive Generosity of Temper,
“ and extreme Delicacy, which, while
“ they charm me, I condemn, because
“ they obstruct the Happiness I wish,
“ with the truest Anxiety, to enjoy with
“ her;

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“ her; and which I can enjoy with her
“ alone. She has refused to admit my
“ Visits, Madam: She has forbidden
“ me to write to her. These Com-
“ mands, disagreeable as they are, shall
“ be obeyed: Tho’ Wretchedness must
“ follow Obedience. Yet, let me find
“ a consoling Friend in you, Madam.
“ You have long known me, and if you
“ think me capable of making your
“ amiable Favourite happy, you will
“ persuade her to see me, and will pre-
“ vail on her to be eternally united to
“ me. I don’t doubt but my Aunt
“ *Freelove* will be soon reconciled to
“ what at first she may seem to disap-
“ prove, only from being too strongly
“ influenced by People of no Sort of
“ Consequence, who may be easily re-
“ moved. She always had a great Esteem
“ for my *Emily*, till those narrow-soul’d
“ Creatures, who knew and fear’d her
“ Power of pleasing, form’d Schemes to
“ render her an Object of Detestation,
“ lest she should be more carested than
“ themselves. But when you, and the
“ dear Girl’s Friends, join with me, in
“ vindicating her Character; when I
“ have made her mine in the most pub-
“ lic, the most solemn Manner, who
“ will

“ will dare to asperse it ? She may then
“ defy the Malice of her most inveterate
“ Enemies. She will be possesst of the
“ Heart, Fortune, and Person of a Man
“ who adores her, and whose Life will
“ be spent in studying to make every
“ Moment agreeable to her.

“ I beg the Favour of you to return
“ a speedy Answer, and hope to find in
“ it a Permission to wait on you.”

“ *I am, Madam,*

“ *Your most obedient Servant,*

“ G. FREELOVE.”

Emily tried to suppress the Emotion this new Proof of *Sir George's* disinterested Affection occasioned : And when *Mrs. Easy* asked her what Answer she should send, uttered these Words, with a Blush.—You knew my Sentiments, Madam, before this Letter came, which, I assure you, has made no Alteration in them. I cannot, in my present Circumstances, accept of *Sir George's* Offer. Pray tell him so, in what Manner you please.—She stopped here. *Mrs. Easy*, who could not enough admire her exalted Way of Thinking, made no Reply, but wrote the following Lines, and put them into her hands.

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“ *To Sir GEORGE FREELove, Bart.*

“ *S I R,*

“ **I** AM sorry it is not in my Power
“ to grant a Request which you have
“ urged with so much Politeness. I
“ have always been very unwilling to
“ give my Advice, or even my Opinion,
“ on these Affairs. I don't know a Wo-
“ man in the World more amiable than
“ Miss *Willis*, nor more capable to make
“ a Man of Sir *George Freelove's* Taste
“ and Understanding happy in the nup-
“ tial State. You are, I believe, tho-
“ roughly sensible of her Merit; but
“ give me Leave to tell you, Sir, that
“ her Merit, great as it is, is so much
“ heightened by the Refusal she has
“ made, that I cannot think of endea-
“ vouring to diminish the Lustre of it,
“ by persuading her to change her Re-
“ solutions. No, Sir, I have too much
“ Regard for her to attempt such a Task.
“ I am very sorry I am obliged to de-
“ cline the Honour of a Visit from you.
“ Your Presence would, at this Time,
“ be on all Accounts prejudicial to Miss
“ *Willis* : So will a farther Correspondence

“ dence on this Subject. Therefore I
“ entreat you to drop it; but believe me
“ to remain

“ *Your very humble Servant,*

“ A. EASY.”

Emily returned this Letter to Mrs. *Easy*, with Thanks for mentioning her so favourably, so affectionately.—Do you thoroughly approve of what I have written, my Dear? said she.—Yes, Madam, thoroughly, replied *Emily*; you increase my Obligations to you every Minute.—Hush, Child, said she, let me hear no more of that. As you think it will do, I will take a Copy, which I may one Day want to shew Mrs *Freelove*, to whom I shall soon write. When she had sent it away, *Emily* said, Now, Madam, if you please we will go down to Mrs. *Coleman*.—You are a very extraordinary Girl, *Emily*, said Mrs. *Easy*, I don't at all wonder that Sir *George*—Dear Madam, said *Emily*, let us not talk of Sir *George*, you know we are to forget him. I'll go and fetch Mrs. *Coleman*.

At this Instant Mrs. *Coleman* entered the Room, and Mrs. *Easy* desired her to

give them some Account of the Lady she mentioned.—Oh, Mrs. *Languish*, you mean, Madam, said she; why she is a Lady of an exceeding good Family, and had a great Fortune, with no small Share of Beauty when she married Mr. *Languish*; but she has, for these three or four Years, always fancied herself in a declining Way, though she eats, drinks, sleeps, and looks as well as other People; and the Doctors say, for she is every Day attended by two, that her Disorder is nothing but the *Vapours*. She is otherwise a very generous, good Sort of Lady.—Well, said Mrs. *Easy*, but what Probability is there of Miss *Willis*'s going into her Family? And what Family has she?—Oh none, Madam, said Mrs. *Coleman*, but Mr. *Languish* and Servants. She has known me a great while; and when I was there last, which was not long ago, she told me she wanted a young Lady who was of a pliant Disposition, and had been well brought up, to be her Companion; and she said if she could meet with such a-one, who would study to please her, she wou'd make it worth her while.—What, has she no Sons nor Brothers? said Mrs. *Easy*.—No, Madam, answered Mrs. *Coleman*,
she

she never had but one Child, which died in the Month, and she has no Brothers, that I know of. You must certainly have heard of her, Madam; she was pretty Miss *Maggot*, of *Golden-Square*. To be sure Mr. *Languish* was immoderately in Love with her; but they have been married these eight Years, and she is not above thirty now.—And is Mr. *Languish* fond of her at present? said Mrs. *Easy*.—Yes, Madam, replied Mrs. *Coleman*, he is reckoned to make an excellent Husband. They are mighty good People indeed, and hav'n't a Spark of Pride in them: only she is so whimsical and fanciful—Well, said Mrs. *Easy*, turning to *Emily*, what do you think of this Family, Miss *Willis*?—Oh, Madam, said *Emily*, I will wait on the Lady directly, if Mrs. *Coleman* will be so kind as to go with me--That I will, Miss, said Mrs. *Coleman*, with all my Heart; but we had better stay till we have dined, because I question if she will be stirring before Five o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Emily gave her a Smile of Assent, and Mrs. *Easy* invited her to Dinner.

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About Five o'Clock Mrs. *Coleman* and Miss *Willis* set out together, and when they arrived at the House, were shown into a Parlour till the Mistress of it was ready to see them. In about half an Hour they were desired to walk up into her Dressing-Room, where they found her reclined on a Couch, in a very elegant Dishabille. She made an Apology for not rising to receive them on account of her Indisposition, (though she had all the Marks of Health in her Face) but desired them to sit. Mrs. *Coleman* told her, she had brought her a young Lady to be her Companion, as she heard she had not got one, whom she believed would please her extremely.— Is that the young Lady, said Mrs. *Languish*, with a feeble Voice, you have brought with you, *Coleman*? I like her Appearance; she has nothing of the Robust in her Looks, but seems to be delicate and languid. I can't bear to have a huge, healthy Creature about me: They are so gross, and have such Smells, fogh! that they quite overcome me.

Emily, in deed, had lost all that Colour, since her coming to Town, which was so offensive

offensive to Lady *Caroline*, and was besides very thin with Vexation; her Pale-ness and Leanness therefore were at present of great Service to her.

But where do you come from, Miss? continued Mrs. *Languish*, after a short Pause in order to take Breath; who are your Parents?—I shall be so fatigued with asking the necessary Questions—Pray, *Coleman*, touch the Bell, I must have my Drops ready. *Emily* blush'd very much at being interrogated about her Parents, but made this Answer.—I was so unhappy as to lose my Parents, Madam, when I was quite young, and am at present with a Lady who lodges with Mrs. *Coleman*; but she is going to stay with a Friend in the Country, and will therefore have no more Occasion for me.

This Answer Mrs. *Easy* had framed for her, as she imagined she might have Occasion for it. It was consistent with Truth, and yet sufficient to make a Discovery of her Affairs needless.

Mrs. *Languish* smiled faintly on her by way of Approbation, and said, But
Miss,

Miss, I must know what your Expectations are, before I make an Agreement with you: Have you any Fortune?— I had, Madam, said *Emily*, a Thousand Pounds, but the Person intrusted with it, who is also my Guardian, went lately to *Ireland*, unknown to me, and left no Directions for me; so that I don't know in what Part of that Kingdom he is settled, and am very much afraid, Madam, that my Money is lost.—Well then, said Mrs. *Languish*, I must find you in Clothes and Pocket-Money; but I shan't fix any particular Sum, till I see whether you will suit me. You are to superintend the House-keeper, my own Woman, every Thing in the House, in short. But this Talking distracts one's Head to such a Degree! Here, *Dawdle*, said she to her Maid, bring me a little of that Cordial I took last; my Spirits are quite gone. In short, continued she to *Emily*, you are to represent me whenever my Illness confines me to my own Apartment; and even there, if I suffer any Body to come up, you are to receive them, make Tea and Coffee. You must sit at the Head of the Table also, whenever I am above, and take upon you the Care of the whole Family.

Emily

Emily finding she stopped to sip her Cordial, took an Opportunity to assure her, that she wou'd use her best Endeavours to please her in every Respect.

Well then, said Mrs. *Languish*, you may come when it most suits you ; but I shall be glad of your Company soon, because I want to be settled : For I have been almost a Month without a decent creature about me. *Dawdle*, how long is it since Miss *Galloper* went away ? Such a Creature ! (but you have seen her, *Coleman*) sure never came near a Woman of Condition before.—Was she so awkward, Madam ? said Mrs. *Coleman*. I thought she look'd like a mighty good-humoured young Lady.—Lady ! said Mrs. *Languish* ; no indeed, *Coleman* ; she had nothing of the Lady about her. I don't know how she came into the World indeed, but she must have been produced by some very coarse Creatures ; and then her Good-humour, as you call it, has thrown me into Fits several Times. I never saw a Girl have such an eternal Grin upon her Face. She look'd a Noise. She was not capable of sitting still half a Minute, nor had she the least Idea of treading softly about a sick Chamber.

Chamber. On the contrary, she never rose from her Chair, but with a Bounce like the going off of a Cracker. She always ran about the House with such furious Speed, that I expected to hear every Day that she had broke her Neck. She will certainly come to an untimely End. She never knew what *walking* was. Whenever she was particularly pleas'd with any Thing, which she very often was, for a Straw would throw her into Convulsions, she had such monstrous Spirits, and would make such a frightful Riot, by jumping up and down Stairs, that I was afraid the House wou'd fall with her. Nay, I remember once she exerted her Heels so vehemently, that I actually thought there had been an Earthquake, and kept my Bed three Days upon it. Then her Voice was like Thunder. She had not learnt the pretty soft Lisp so becoming in those who are to wait on ailing People, but bellowed out what she had to say in so hoarse a Tone, that I have more than once fancied she made use of a Speaking-Trumpet. Oh, what an Expence has that Girl put me to for Physic, merely to recover myself from the miserable Dejections her heedless Flights have plunged me

me into ! Then she wou'd be seiz'd with such Fits of Laughing—but I can't talk to you any longer, it wastes me so. When your Friend, *Coleman*, is settled with me, come, and she shall make you a Dish of Tea.—When wou'd you please to have me wait on you, Madam? said *Emily*.—O, To-morrow, Child, about this Time, said Mrs. *Languish*; but if the Weather is the least inclining to be damp, take a Chair, for I can't let any Thing out of a Hackney-Coach touch me: If it shou'd rain, or if there shou'd be even a Fog, and you walk in it, your Clothes will give me Cold, if you come near me.—*Emily* assured her she would punctually obey her Orders, and return'd to Mrs. *Easy*, who was not a little diverted with the Account she gave of Mrs. *Languish*.

She is quite an Original, said she, my dear *Emily*; I don't know what *you* will do, but if *I* was to live with her, I shou'd certainly incur her Displeasure as much as the sprightly Miss *Galloper* did; for, I think, I shou'd laugh most immoderately. She is the highest Character I have met with a great While. *Emily* told her Friend, that she thought it worth
while

while to wait upon Mrs. *Languish*, tho' she cou'd not admire her Oddities, till she could hear of a Lady more suitable to her. Mrs. *Easy* commended her prudent Resolution, and promis'd to give her immediate Notice, when she had the least Prospect of getting her into a more agreeable Family.

On the following Evening, *Emily*, after taking Leave of Mrs. *Easy* in the most affectionate Manner, set out in a Chair to Mrs. *Languish's* in *Grosvenor-Street*, tho' the Weather was very fine. She only took a few necessary Things with her, and left Directions with Mrs. *Easy* to send the rest after her.

When she came into the Lady's Apartment, who was then so well as to be able to sit up in an *Easy-chair*, she asked her her Name, and was pleas'd to approve of it. It is a pretty soft Name, —said she, all upon Liquids, one can pronounce it without breaking one's Teeth. She then desired her to come near, that she might smell her Cloaths. —I find they have been taken Care of, said she, and only want a little Essence to give them a Flavour, which I will
order

order to be got for you. You will have an Apartment to yourself, Miss *Willis*, continued she, which I shall have kept very neat for you.—I hope, Madam, said *Emily*, you are not so ill as you was when I had the Pleasure of waiting on you before.—O yes, Child, said Mrs. *Languish*, I am extreamly weak and faint, and look most terribly. *Dawdle* knows I bid her reach the Glass just now, and was so frighten'd at myself, that I let it drop, but luckily it did not break; for if it had, the Fright wou'd certainly have killed me. Here, *Dawdle*, see what Medicines I have for To-night, and then order the Tea; Miss *Willis* will make it in the Dressing-Room. *Dawdle* return'd from a Closet, and told her Lady, that there were three of the Draughts which she took every four Hours, a Bolus and Julip for Night and Morning, and a Bottle of Drops.—No more? said Mrs. *Languish*, then I am sure Dr. *Hartshorn* neglects me strangely. He doesn't know how bad I am this Afternoon. Why here are not Draughts enough to last till Morning. Let *Tom* step to Mr. *Rhubarb*, and tell him to send me more directly, and then ask Mr. *Languish* if he will take his Tea at
Home

home this Afternoon. O Miss *Willis*, continued she, I am so fatigued with my Illness! Don't you pity me? I hope you are of a compassionate Disposition, not like Miss *Galloper*, who, instead of sympathising with me, us'd to be ready to burst out into a Horse-laugh in my Face. O she was the most indelicate Hoyden!

Emily was all this Time taking an exact Survey of Mrs. *Languish's* Person, which was really very agreeable.—Her Stature was of the middle Size, she was perfectly genteel, she had a very good Complexion, expressive Eyes, a little well-shap'd Mouth, and a Set of the handsomest Teeth imaginable. Her Dress was admirably adapted to her Person: She was in a long *Cbints* Sack, which trail'd upon the Ground, without a Hoop; neat white Sattin Slippers, that covered two small and very pretty Feet, ornamented with Silver Fringe; a white Sattin Waistcoat under her Sack, just made stiff enough to shew an easy Shape to Advantage; a fine laced Handkerchief was spread over her falling Shoulders, and her fair Face was envelop'd in a large Mob, fasten'd under the

the Chin, with a white Sattin Bridle. Her Hair, which was cut short both before and behind, and rendered thereby extremely thick, was of a light brown, and happily set off by her beautiful Complexion.—Such was the outward Form of Mrs. *Languish*, and if her inward one had been as free from Blemish, *Emily* would have thought her the most agreeable Woman she had ever met with.

As soon as the Tea-things were ranged, Mr. *Languish* favoured his Lady with his Company.—He was a large, plump Man, about Five and Thirty, of a fair Complexion, not ungenteel, and had a very winning Address. He had been a great Admirer of his Wife's Person; but she, by always fancying herself ill, and giving Way to every trifling Disorder, had in a Manner banished him from her Bed. He was often induced, therefore, to seek for those Pleasures abroad, which he could not enjoy at home. They kept up a great Shew of Affection; but as they had both large Fortunes, they separately indulg'd themselves in their own Way. So that they
might

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might rather be said to be a Couple happy, than a happy Couple.

Mr. *Languish*, as soon as he entered the Room, asked his Wife how she did. —Very low, very low, indeed, my Dear, said she; but I hope the Draught I shall take presently, and the Company of Miss *Willis*, whom you see here, will raise my Spirits a little.—I hope they will, my Dear, said he, and shall be myself particularly obliged to Miss *Willis*, if she has Power enough to bring about a perfect Cure. Indeed, Madam, said he to *Emily*, I expect great Things already from the first Sight of you.—*Emily* curtsied and said, she wou'd do every Thing she was capable of to make herself useful to Mrs. *Languish*.—I dare say you will, Miss *Willis*, said the Lady, (who was mightily pleased with *Emily*'s modest and gentle Behaviour, the excessive Neatness of her Appearance, and the Melody of her Voice) and shall beg the Favour of you to give me a Draught now.—Are you going to take Physic just before your Tea, my Dear? said Mr. *Languish*, sure that is not well.—O, said she, I can't defer it: To be an Hour longer without it, may cost me my

my Life: But, continued she, in a lower Tone, while *Emily* was busied at a distant Corner, in preparing the Potion, you don't tell me how you like this new Girl.—O, very well, said he, she is very pretty, and has a great deal of Delicacy.—Aye, hasn't she? said Mrs. *Languish*. She is quite delicate indeed, I always wanted such a-one to be about me. I abominate your great, monstrous, rough Creatures, such as *Galloper*.—Aye, said he, *Galloper* was a great, noisy, strapping Wench indeed; but there is something elegant, something out of the common Road here.—*Emily* approach'd with a Cup, and said, Shall I see for a Piece of Sweet-meat, Madam, to take the disagreeable Taste out of your Mouth?—Aye, Child, said she, that's an excellent Thought of your's. I have always Eringo-root, candy'd Citron, perfum'd Sugar-plumbs, and other palatable Things; but I can't tell where *Dawdle* has put them. Pray, Miss *Willis*, touch the Bell.—*Dawdle* heard and obey'd the Summons, and help'd to administer the Medicine; and when that was disposed of, *Emily* made the Tea, when Mrs. *Languish*, notwithstanding
her

her Physic, drank several Dishes, and eat about half a dozen Biscuits.

As soon as the Tea-table was taken away, Mr. *Languish* kiss'd his Lady, and wish'd her a good Night; then turning to *Emily* (whom he had survey'd closely while her Fingers were prettily employed with the Tea Equipage) told her, he hoped he shou'd have the Pleasure of her Company at Supper, and disappear'd.

Soon after Mr. *Languish* had taken his Leave, a violent Rap at the Door alarmed his Lady excessively; and before she cou'd order herself to be denied, Lady *Betty Racket* and Miss *Wriggle* bounc'd into the Room. My dear *Languish*, said her Ladyship, I am glad to see you out of your Bed again. Well, I hope you will now come among us once more. I swear I began to give you over.—Oh, Lady *Betty*, said Mrs. *Languish*, I am extre—me—ly ill; indeed you are mistaken, if you think me any better. I am just ready to faint, and have unfortunately lost my *Eau de Luce* Bottle.—Lard, said Miss *Wriggle*, we thought you were quite well, for we
met

met Mr. *Languish* upon the Stairs as blithe as a Bird.—Aye, replied she, Mr. *Languish* is very happy in having so large a Share of Health: it wou'd be unfortunate indeed if we were both ill at once. Pray, Miss *Willis*, give me some Drops, I can scarce support myself.—Lard, Child, said Lady *Betty*, what is your Distemper? I vow you don't look in the least sick.—O but I beg your Pardon, Lady *Betty*, said Miss *Wriggle*, Mrs. *Languish* looks sadly; I think she's vastly alter'd.—Oh yes, said Mrs. *Languish*, I am quite another Creature. I can't continue long in this Manner. Dr. *Hartshorn* doesn't know what to do for me.—Well, but if you really find yourself so ill, said Lady *Betty*, why don't you call in another Physician? And if that wou'dn't do, I wou'd send for Dr. *Nosstrum*. I swear he has performed some miraculous Cures.—O, but you don't consider, said Mrs. *Languish*, that Dr. *Hartshorn* won't meet him because he does not belong to the *College*; and if Dr. *Hartshorn* deserts me, I am absolutely an undone Woman.—Aye, well, said Lady *Betty*, but I shou'dn't mind that: If I was to die, I wou'd be kill'd by the Man I liked best; and if I was in your Place, I wou'd send

for *Nostrum* this very Night. Besides, he is not a Quack; he has only had the good Fortune to discover several Remedies that have had vast Success, and therefore the other Doctors are jealous of him, and won't admit him among them. —O, but he is quite out of the common Way, said Mrs. *Languish*, and I love Regularity in every Thing.—What, had you rather die by Rule, than be cur'd without? said Lady *Betty*, laughing; well, I protest I am of a different Opinion, and will not consent to be killed by a Physician, merely because he is a regular bred one. So, dear *Languish*, adieu, I long to see you better, but indeed you have a Set of strange Notions in your Head.—I wish you well, Madam, said Miss *Wriggle*, with all my Heart; but you look as pale as Death, you had better go to Bed, indeed you had.—They then scamper'd away as fast as they cou'd, and left Mrs. *Languish* in a very forlorn Condition, and in a fainting Posture. *Emily* immediately applied the smelling-bottle, and ordered Mrs. *Dawdle* to bring a Cup of something to revive her Lady, which had the desired Effect. She seemed greatly pleased with *Emily's* Care and Affiduity, and said, Lard, Child,

Child, how unlucky it was that they should fly up Stairs, before the Fellow could get down with my Orders! They have disordered me strangely.—I really thought you were in a Fit, Madam, said *Emily*.—Aye, said Mrs. *Languish*, I was just on the Brink of one, when that Spoonful of Cordial you gave me, restored me. I see you understand me admirably. Have you been used to sick People, *Emily*? I think I shall call you *Emily*, when I am alone, sometimes.—If you please, Madam, said *Emily*.—Well, but 'tis Time, said she, you shou'd see your Chamber. *Dawdle*, call up Mrs. *Comfit*, I can't be left alone a Moment, and let her shew Miss *Willis* the House.

Mrs. *Comfit* soon obey'd her Lady's Orders, and conducted *Emily* into several Rooms magnificently furnished, and at last brought her to a small Apartment on the second Floor, consisting of a Bed-chamber, a Dressing-room, and a light Closet, which she told her was for her Use. *Emily*, after desiring Mrs. *Comfit* to let her Things be carried thither, returned to Mrs. *Languish*, and thanked her for allotting her so commodious, and

so pleasant an Apartment.—I am very glad you like it, said she, you will be quite snug there; and whenever you want the Assistance of a Servant to dress you, or to do any Work for you, pray call *Lucy*, who is appointed for that Purpose. But I am going to be bad again: I knew these troublesome People would do me Hurt. Every Body in full Health is so boisterous! And then they pretend to give Advice. How could Lady *Betty* think I could suffer that Quack to lay his Paw upon me? I think I should expire at the Sight of him: His Touch would be certain Death. Miss *Wriggle* was in the right to say I look'd very sadly. But then could'n't she have sat still, when she said so, without fidgeting up and down in her Chair? for that perpetual Motion of her's always makes my Head giddy. *Dawdle*, is the Bolus ready?—Dear Madam, said *Dawdle*, I hope you won't think of taking that To-night, except you are worse. Pray let me get you something for Supper.—I don't believe I can eat a Morfel, *Dawdle*, said Mrs. *Larguisb*. What have you in the House?—Should you like a little Chicken Broth warm, Madam? said *Dawdle*, or a White-wine Poffet, or some
 Segoe

Segoe Cream?—No, no, said she, nothing of that Sort. If I have any Thing, it shall be something substantial and nourishing. But I don't believe I can swallow a Morfel.—Oh dear, do but try, Ma'am, said *Dawdle*; there was a nice wild Duck left at Dinner, suppose it was hashed for you?—Aye, I don't know, said she: What has *Comfit* provided for Supper below?—I believe Ma'am, said *Dawdle*, there is a Couple of small boil'd Chicks, and some broil'd Whittings, beside the Tarts.—I almost am surfeited with Chicken, said Mrs. *Languish*, I am forced to eat so much of it. I'll try to get down a Bit of Whiting, if the Cook makes a rich Sauce, and you may order the Duck to be hash'd. But I must lie down on the Couch now, to see if I can recover the monstrous Fatigue these volatile People have thrown me into: Come *Emily*, you shall take up a Book and read to me; I'll try to compose myself.—She was then led to a Couch, and had a fine embroidered Quilt thrown over her.

Emily took up a Book which was written by one of the Faculty, for the Use of Valetudinarians; but before she had

read half a Dozen Pages, Mrs. *Languish* fell into a profound Sleep, and left her to her own Meditations, which were not of the most agreeable Kind. She seemed to be placed in a Family, in which, provided she had the good Luck to please the Mistress of it, by humouring her Capriciousness, she might enjoy all that the most luxurious Imagination could wish for. But then she was doomed to spend a great Part of her Time with this fanciful Creature, and speak and act continually in a Manner her Reason could not approve of. However, as she was in a desperate Situation, she prudently resolved to bear her Lot with Patience.

The Return of Mr. *Languish* about Ten o'Clock, waked his Lady from her Slumbers; but he came into her Apartment for the Sake of enjoying a second Sight of *Emily*, rather than to see her. She informed him of the Cause of her present Situation, (though it was no uncommon one) and desired him to go down with *Emily* to Supper.

When they came into the Parlour, Mr. *Languish* placed *Emily* at the Head
of

of the Table, treated her with great Respect, and studied to make himself agreeable with a particular Assiduity.

Soon after they were seated, *Emily* was desired by a *Footman*, dispatched by Mrs. *Dawdle*, to send up a large Whiting, with a proper Quantity of Sauce, which was made as high-flavoured as possible. She then took a Wing of a Chicken herself, in Spite of Mr. *Languish*'s Intreaties to eat something less insipid. He would have plied her plentifully with the most tempting Wines, of which there was a great Variety; but *Emily* wisely resisted the Temptations which were thrown in her Way, and, after drinking one Glass, returned to Mrs. *Languish*, who was piddling a Veal Sweet-bread, that was just brought up hot from the Fire, after having demolished the whole Whiting, with the Wings of the Duck: She drank in Succession, rich *Mountain* and *Madeira*, and after all, to comfort her Stomach, tofs'd down a large Glass of *Tokay*; while *Emily* stood by and wondered.

Mr. *Languish* hearing that his Lady was in tolerable Spirits, came up and
B 4 chatted

chatted an Hour with her and *Emily*. But though he started several Topicks, she constantly returned to the old one, and pathetically harangued on the Dreadfulness of the Disorders she laboured under, which would neither let her eat, drink, or sleep. About Twelve o'Clock she retired to Bed by herself, after taking her Bolus. She had constantly one of her House-maids to sit up with her, and *Dawdle* lay in a little Bed which was wheel'd into her Lady's Room every Night. Mr. *Languish* would fain have prevailed on *Emily* to go down again to the Parlour with him; but she counterfeited Weariness, took Leave of him politely, and went to her own Apartment.

Emily, while she was undressing, could not help commiserating the Foibles of Mrs. *Languish*. What a Pity is it, said she, that so fine a Woman, possessed of so large a Fortune, and the Wife of a Man not disagreeable, who is fond of her (and would, in all Probability, be more fond, if she didn't do every Thing in the World to disgust him) should have so unhappy a Turn! Those who have all the Advantages of Life, abuse them, while others pine for what *they* cannot

cannot enjoy. Yet how do I know that I should have been more satisfied with Mrs. *Languish*'s Fortune, or should have enjoyed it better? Had I been brought up in the same Manner, and with the same Expectations, I might have been addicted to the same Foibles, or others perhaps equally ridiculous. Were I now settled in a Family more agreeable to my Inclination, I think I could be content——happy I don't expect to be:— Yet why should I wish for what I was not born to enjoy? To aim at Things out of our Reach is Folly, and all Degrees of Folly are bad; for if I make myself wretched with an imaginary Malady, or sling myself into a Fit of Despair because I am not equal in Birth or Fortune to the most accomplish'd, and most deserving Man in the World, I am equally ridiculous.

These Reflections kept *Emily*'s Eyelids from closing for some Time; but the dear Recollection of being so truly and tenderly beloved by Sir *George* (which had of late been a Balm for all her Grievs) lulled her, at length, to Repose. She rose at her accustomed Hour next Morning, which was a long Time before

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any of the Family, except the Servants, were stirring, and amused herself with her Needle till Eleven o'Clock, when Mr. *Languish* sent for her to Breakfast.

As soon as she came down into the Parlour, she enquired after Mrs. *Languish's* Health.—*Dawdle* told her, that her Lady had had a pretty good Night, and would take her Chocolate between Twelve and One, and would then be glad of her Company.

When Breakfast was over, Mr. *Languish* asked *Emily* if she would be so obliging as to take an Airing with him in the Chariot, but she civilly declined his Offer. As they usually dined between Four and Five, she spent the rest of the Morning with Mrs. *Languish*, and in dressing for Dinner.

When a Fornight had passed in this Manner, Mr. *Languish's* Civilities increased so much, that *Emily* began to think his Behaviour to her was too particular, and that she should be obliged to quit a Family, in which, tho' it was unsuitable to her, she would have been glad

glad to continue, rather than be troublesome to Mrs. *Easy*.

Just about this Time Mrs. *Languish* received a Letter from a Sister of hers, who was coming to Town from *Bath*, (where she had been all the Winter) to make her a Visit. This Lady was fifteen Years older than Mrs. *Languish*, and diametrically opposite to her in every Respect. She was little, very indifferently made, her Complexion remarkably dark, and ruefully pitted with the Small-pox; she had besides a Nose of an enormous Length, towards which one of her Eyes was so incessantly turned, that one might venture to say she squinted horribly, without speaking improperly. Her inward and her outward Qualifications were of a Piece; she was not ill-temper'd, but so marvellously blind to her own personal Blemishes, and so thoroughly convinced that she was not without *Charms*, that she fancied every Man who saw her was in Love with her. It was this Turn of Mind, and the Want of an Offer from a Man of equal Fortune, which had hindered her from parting with her Virginity. However, as she was always treated with the Re-

spect due to her Family and Estate, she didn't give up all Thoughts of making a Conquest, but concluded, like many other Ladies at *Forty-five*, that a gay Dress and a youthful Behaviour would make her Age less perceptible. She was always very kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. *Languish*, who humour'd her Foibles, because they hoped to inherit her Fortune; and she would have loved her Sister extremely, if her affected Illness had not made her appear ridiculous to her. This is the Portrait of Miss *Maggot*, who arrived in Town a few Days after her Letter.

Emily rejoiced at the Arrival of this Lady, because she was in Hopes that Mr. *Languish* would have fewer Opportunities of being with her alone.

Miss *Maggot*, who was too fond of herself to be jealous of Perfections in another Woman, soon became pleas'd with *Emily*, who studied to oblige her, partly out of Respect to Mrs. *Languish*, and partly because she flatter'd herself that she might one Day take her to be a Companion, as she was unmarried, and had no Relations to live with her.

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As Miss *Maggot* was very fond of all Town-Diversions, she often desired her Sister to let *Emily* accompany her to them, and her Requests were often granted; by which Means *Emily* enjoy'd a great Variety of Pleasure. She did not, however, in the Midst of her Amusements forget to visit her Friend Mrs. *Easy*.

One Morning she went to her and had a deal of Chat with her: After they had prattled about divers Occurrences, Mrs. *Easy* fixed her Eyes on her attentively, and said, *Emily*, Thou art a surprising Girl, I really wonder at you.—Why, dear Madam? said *Emily*.—Why I don't know whether I ought to tell you, said Mrs. *Easy*; but since you appear so calm and undisturb'd, I think, I may venture.—You have not mention'd a Syllable about *Fairly-Manor*: Nay, you may well stare: I have some News of Consequence to tell you. Sir *George* has been here, my Dear.—Sir *George*, Madam? said *Emily*.—Aye, my Dear, said she, a Day or two ago Sir *George* sent up his Name. I was a little surpriz'd, but as you was not with me, I received him as well as I could. He
made

made a great many Apologies for breaking in upon my Privacy, but said, he wish'd to talk with me, tho' he was afraid of a second Denial: You may imagine you were the Subject of our Conversation. After he had said all he could to induce me to prevail on you to change your unfavourable Resolutions about him, he thus went on:—I find, Madam, that one of Miss *Willis's* chief Objections is, that Mrs. *Freelove* still believes she has deceiv'd her: I wish I cou'd say she has no Reason to make that Objection; but the Truth is, my Aunt is still grossly deceiv'd by the People about her. I have wrote several Letters to her, but have receiv'd no satisfactory Answers. I wish, therefore, Madam, that you wou'd take up your Pen in the dear injur'd Girl's Behalf. My Aunt had always a great Regard for you. She took my lovely *Emily* from your Recommendation, and you ought, therefore, in Justice to yourself, as well as to her, to try to convince her that she is shockingly impos'd upon.—I told him I had intended to write that very Evening, and told him, moreover, that he shou'd see a Copy of my Letter if he would call on me the Day following, and that

that I wou'd send the Answer to it as soon as it came from *Fairly-Manor* to him: But I begg'd him to forbear his Visits.—Miss *Willis*, added I, sometimes is so good as to drop in, and I wou'd not hazard your meeting together here on any Account.—He consented to my Intreaties, but was earnest to know where you was lodged. I wou'd not gratify his Curiosity, tho' I don't doubt but he knows the Place, as well as I do.

I have not yet receiv'd an Answer to my Letter, nor do I suppose I shall have one; so powerful have those Fiends, Envy and Jealousy, been against you. But never despair, *Emily*; always look on the bright Side of the Cloud. I hope, and fully believe, that there are happier Days in store for you. Make yourself easy where you are for the present, till something better offers. This Miss *Maggot*, tho' as odd a Creature as her Sister, is better than no Female in the House; for really I think Mrs. *Languish* is but a Cypher, as she is so seldom seen but by her Doctors and her Servants.

Emily blush'd and sigh'd at the short Detail of Sir *George's* Proceedings in her Favour,

Favour, but made no Reply to it, lest she shou'd betray any Weakness. She thank'd her Friend, however, for endeavouring to justify her to Mrs. *Freelove*, and began to entertain her with the several Incidents she had lately met with; and after sitting with her about a Couple of Hours, return'd to her Head-quarters.

As soon as she enter'd the Doors, she found the House in the utmost Confusion, for all the Servants were running about, some one Way, some another, to fetch Physicians to their Lady, who, they said, was actually dying. As she was put into Bed, before *Emily* came in, she staid in the Parlour, being afraid of disturbing her. When she had been there about five Minutes, Miss *Maggot* thus accosted her.—I am glad you were out of the Way, Child, here has been such a hideous Uproar. My Sister is absolutely mad.—Dear Madam, said *Emily*, what's the Matter?—O Lord, cried she, I question whether I can tell you for laughing; for if People will be so ridiculous, you know, how can one possibly help it? But did you see my Sister eat her Supper last Night?—No, Madam,

Madam, said *Emily*, I was in my own Room, tho' she supp'd before.—Well then, said she, I was with her, and upon my Life, I was amaz'd: She devour'd great Part of a Chicken fricaseed, two fleshy Pigeons, half a Bundle of Asparagus, and an Apple-tart, and drank, while I staid, to be sure, a Pint at least of *Madeira*. I hear since that she went to Bed soon afterwards and slept till five o'Clock, but wak'd then and brought it all up: and I don't wonder she was so excessively sick after such a monstrous Load of Victuals.—Yes, Madam, said *Emily*, I heard she had been very sick when I waited on her this Morning, but as she was going to try to take some Rest after Breakfast, she told me, she had no occasion for my Assistance.—Occasion for you, Child? said Miss *Maggot*, no nor for any Body else, that I know of; but, however, about twelve o'Clock she wak'd again most violently bad, as she says, and ordered *Dawdle* to send immediately for Dr. *Hartshorn*. To compleat her Misfortunes, Information was brought that the Doctor died suddenly Yesterday. This News being told her too abruptly by one of the Maids, who usually sits up with her,
(her

(her Woman being gone down for something) threw her into an imaginary Fit, from which she is just recovered : But she is so shock'd at the News, that, she says, she is sure she shall die ; and that she has lost her Sheet-Anchor. Poor Woman ! as if there was not another Doctor left in the Land to dispatch her ! In short, she is quite intoxicated with Vapours and Nonsense, and has sent the Servants out to fetch another Doctor in a Hurry.—Will it be proper for me, Madam, said *Emily*, to go up and see her ?—Aye, aye, Child, said she, if you like it : for my Part I cou'd not stay in her Chamber. In the first Place, I was ready to laugh in her Face, and then there's Mr. *Rhubarb* the Apothecary with her, who has such an impudent Look with his Eyes, that I cou'd not bear the Room. I wonder my Sister can suffer such leering Fellows about her.—But pray, Miss *Willis*, come down again soon, and let me know how she is.

Emily found Mrs. *Languish* upon the Bed, with *Dawdle* on one Side, and *Rhubarb* on the other. As soon as she saw her she cried, Oh *Emily*, what a terrible Misfortune has happened ! Poor Dr.
Hartf-

Hartshorn——but I cannot tell you. I am undone for ever.—To be sure, Madam, said *Emily*, it must be a very great Shock, but I hope there are several other able Physicians.—Oh, cried she, but they have not been us'd to my Constitution, they don't know how to treat me. I shall die, *Emily*, indeed I know I shall die. Has any Body sent for Mr. *Languish*?—Yes, Madam, said *Dawdle*, but they cannot find my Master.—More ill Luck? said Mrs. *Languish*; O that I had but been wise enough to call in another Physician, I should then have been prepared for my Loss: but now 'tis too great to admit of Comfort. I shou'd have kept one Doctor train'd up under another in case of an Accident, but now 'tis too late.

The arrival of Dr. *Sanguine* put a momentary Stop to her Lamentations. He was a large well-looking Man, with a ruddy Complexion, and had always a most obliging Simper on his Countenance. He enter'd the Room, bow'd very obsequiously to *Emily*, and approach'd his Patient with a Face full of medical Wisdom; and while he was feeling her Pulse, enquired into the Nature

ture of her Complaint.—O, a Complication of Distempers, Doctor, said she, I am all over disordered, and neither take any Rest or Nourishment: But I am now frighten'd out of my Wits with the News of Dr. *Hartshorn's* Death, who has been my Physician from my Cradle. I was so surpriz'd that it threw me into a dreadful Fit, and if you don't order something to do me good directly, I shall die.—O dear, no Madam, said *Sanguine*, there's not the least Danger, I assure you. Pray don't terrify yourself: Your Pulse is a mighty good Pulse, only a little flutter'd at present; but I'll prescribe something which will set you to rights in a short Time. There is no Danger, I assure you, continued he, scribbling as fast as he cou'd. Madam, your most obedient humble Servant, I intend to see you again To-morrow.—After these Compliments and a Profusion of Bows, he retreated with as much Dignity as he had advanced, and was attended by his Aid-de-Camp, Mr. *Rhubarb*.

As soon as these *Galenical* Gentlemen were gone, Mrs. *Languish* said, I don't like this Doctor; he is too much in a
Hurry:

Hurry : He will never suit *me*, I see : He does not understand my Case at all. Who fetch'd him ? I didn't order him to be sent for, I'm sure.—You were so ill, Madam, said *Dawdle*, and we were so frighten'd, that *John* did not know who to fetch.—Aye, well, said she, I own I am sorry he came : He thinks I ail nothing. I must have one that has Compassion : This Man was never sick himself, and therefore knows not how to pity others : He has too florid a Countenance. I must have one who can sit by me and wait a considerable Time to see whether I am sick or no. *Dawdle*, I am so faint—give me a large Cup of Cordial, and then I will try to sleep.—Here, *Emily*, finding she cou'd be of no use, return'd to Miss *Maggot*.

Well Child, said Miss *Maggot*, I have seen Dr. *Sanguine*, who says, that my Sister has no Distemper but the Vapours, and that he can cure her presently if she will be ruled.—O dear Madam, said *Emily*, Mrs. *Langus* dislikes him so much, that I am afraid she will not let him write another Prescription.—Then she's a Fool, said Miss *Maggot* ; but so indeed she has long proved herself. I
pity

pity Mr. *Languish* I declare : He has a fine Time of it with her—but 'tis *my* Fault—I wou'd not give him any Encouragement, and so in a Fit of Despair he married this Simpleton ; this vapourish Animal. Poor Man ! 'twas a great Disappointment to him ! But I have disappointed so many—'Tis pity indeed, Madam, said *Emily*, (who did not know what to say).—Aye Child, said she, I have been monstrously averse to Men all my Life, but there was always some very good Reason for it. I am not like my Sister, I always have a Reason for what I do.—To be sure, Madam, said *Emily*, you had some material Objection to all those whose Addresses you refus'd.—O yes, said she, I refus'd Numbers, because their Estates were not good enough. I don't chuse to take an idle young Fellow with Nothing, to maintain out of my Fortune ; I know what People wou'd say then : but I have always acted with the greatest Circumspection. I defy the most scandalous Tongue to asperse *my* Character ; I have been always reckoned the most chaste and cruel Creature breathing. I will give you the History of my Lovers some Day, when I have nothing else to do.

Lord

Lord I have had so many ! Nay, I am tormented with two or three at this Time. I swear I wonder what's the Matter with the Fellows, they will never let me alone : I don't find they are after other People so. Why there's my Sister now, she never had such a Fuss made with her, though to be sure, she was a prettyish Woman before she took so many Apothecary's Slops ; but she has quite spoilt herself now. We always went every where together, but I don't know how it was, the Men always preferr'd me, they treated me with all the Respect in the World, while they play'd with her like a Baby. Lord, continued she laughing, don't you remember when you and I were at the *Oratorio* t'other Night, there was a young Fellow in the next Box, who never took his Eyes off of me ? I protest I was so much out of Countenance, I cou'd have killed him : And he followed us out you know. And you know there was a Man in Blue trimm'd with Silver, close after us when we got into the Chariot. I declare I thought he was going to kiss me in the Passage, and so I gave him such a Frown, that he sneak'd behind you to screen himself from my Resentment : And I dare

dare answer for it he trembled from Head to Foot. I have had fifty such Adventures I believe. But the Jest is, I never went out with any Girls in my Life, but they told me I was mistaken, and that the Men followed *them*: But I am sure of the contrary.

Emily, in spite of her natural Gravity, which had been greatly increased by the indifferent Situation of her Affairs, cou'd scarce refrain from laughing at Miss *Maggot's* Conceitedness; but thought it most prudent not to thwart her, and therefore only said, she wondered that any Lady wou'd dispute with her upon such an Occasion.—You, Miss *Willis*, said she, have more Sense, I dare say, than to do it. I never saw so pretty a Woman give herself so few Airs in my Life. Indeed I don't think you have Vivacity enough.—*Emily* was going to make a Reply to her Compliment, but she prevented her by running on in this Manner.

Now, for my own Part, I confess I love a little Coquetry; it gives a Spirit to the Features, and makes one quite alive. I have play'd the Devil with many a
pretty

pretty fellow to be sure, but Sir *Sampson Wheedle* was the most comical of all my Admirers for seven Years. I might have been Lady *Wheedle* whenever I pleased; but I don't know how, I never cou'd persuade myself to consent. It is true, I believe his Estate was dipp'd, but then he was a tall well-made man; none of your wishy-washy spindle-shank'd Fops. And to be sure, my Brother *Languish* is a very personable healthy Man, and yet they have never had a Son: But that's all owing to her; in short, she's poisoned with Slops.

It is not easy to say when this talkative Lady wou'd have done speaking, if the Approach of Mr. *Languish* and the Dinner had not put a Stop to her Garulity. Mr. *Languish* came Home while she was in the Middle of her Narrative, but went up directly to his Wife, on being told that she had been dangerously indispos'd.

When Dinner was over, *Emily* waited on Mrs. *Languish*, and found her in a very low Way, and in which she continued all the Afternoon and Evening. The next Morning she was so discon-

tented about Dr. *Sanguine*, that she gave positive Orders he shou'd not be admitted, and dispatch'd a Servant to Dr. *Hopeless*, who came with all possible Rapidity. *Emily* was summoned to introduce him.

He was a long, lean, swarthy Figure, slow in Motion and slow in Speech; he shook his Head in a most solemn Manner at the first Sight of his Patient, who receiv'd, from that expressive Motion, no small Satisfaction. He kept his Finger full twenty Minutes on her Pulse, sat as long with his Mouth glewed to his gold-headed Cane, and then call'd in a deliberate solemn Tone for Pen, Ink and Paper.—Thrice did he make the great R. Thrice did he blot it out again, and tear the Paper, and alter the Diction, before he cou'd draw up a Prescription to his Mind.—At last he closed one with an *H*, shook his Head again, and retreated with a Tragedy-step to his Chariot, but not without saying, it was a very difficult Case.

Mrs. *Languish* was highly pleas'd with the Behaviour of her new Physician. You see, said she to *Emily*, how cautious,

tious, how deliberate he is : His tearing the Paper so often is a plain Proof that he prescribes with Judgment. *Sanguine*, I warrant you, wou'd have suffer'd his first Prescription to stand, tho' it was ever so improper, rather than have taken the Pains to alter it : I am prepossess'd in this Man's Favour. I hope it is not only Fancy, but I really believe he will do me good.

This very deliberate Prescription was followed in about an Hour by as much Physic as *Rhubarb's* Man could conveniently carry ; which Quantity was repeated every Day for a Fortnight, at the End of which Mrs. *Languish* really became *all over disorder'd*. She had been blooded three Times, by the Direction of *Hopeless*, and had been tortur'd from the first Day of his coming to her, with a Couple of Blisters, one on her Head, and the other on her Back.

During this last Illness, *Emily* made another Visit to Mrs. *Easy*, who returned it soon, and then took Leave of her for some Time, as she was going into the Country with an old Friend of her's and

his Daughter. She advised *Emily* to remain in the *Languish-Family*, while Miss *Maggot* stay'd in it, and was so much her Friend: But told her, she might occupy her Apartment at Mrs. *Coleman's*, if any Thing particularly disagreeable happen'd, till she cou'd provide for her in a better Way. *Emily* was all Gratitude, and parted from her Friend with less Reluctance, as she had so agreeable a Retreat in *petto*.

Soon after Mrs. *Easy* went out of Town, Dr. *Hopeless* rightly thinking that he might double his Fees, by recommending country Air to his Patient, ordered her to an elegant *Villa* Mr. *Languish* had about eight Miles from *London*. This Scheme she violently oppos'd, because she was afraid she shou'd die for want of Assistance there; but *Hopeless*, (who long'd to finger four Guineas every Day instead of two, and was animated with the Expectations of receiving a handsome Present when she return'd to Town, for his extraordinary Attendance out of the common Road) told her she was a dead Woman if she lay another Night in *Grosvenor-street*. This Speech had so wonderful an Effect upon her, that

that she ordered every Thing to be pack'd up immediately.

Emily, who loved the Country, was not displeased with the present Posture of Affairs; and Miss *Maggot*, who never failed to discover Admirers where-ever she went, chose to accompany her Sister, whom she really pitied. Whether the change of Air was more efficacious than the Doctor's Prescriptions, I will not venture to say; but Mrs. *Languish* was in a short Time cured of her real Disorders, though her imaginary ones were as obstinate as ever.

When a Month had elapsed, Mrs. *Languish* received Intelligence that a Relation of her's, who had been all the Winter at *Bath* for her Health, and whom Miss *Maggot* had left there, was coming to rest a Day or two at her House, in her Way to *London*. She had intended to accompany Miss *Maggot*, but was obliged, by a weak Habit of Body, to make the Journey by very short Stages.

Lady *Coverly* was, on her Arrival, one Evening, led into the Parlour by Mr.

Languish and her own Woman. *Emily* was prodigiously struck with the Appearance of this Lady, who seemed to have been a very lovely Woman, and was then not old enough to be unalluring, being not above Seven-and-thirty; tho' her Cheeks wanted the Glow of Health. Mrs. *Languish* was just able to crawl down Stairs, and pay her Compliments to her Cousin, but begg'd she wou'd excuse her staying with her, and intreated her to accept of Miss *Willis's* Company in her stead. Miss *Maggot* was not at Home, she having taken a Trip to Town in the Morning, not knowing the Day of Lady *Coverly's* coming.

Lady *Coverly*, when she heard the Name of *Willis*, look'd stedfastly at *Emily*, and then said to Mrs. *Languish*, Is this young Lady, Madam, a Relation of yours? No, my Lady, said she, she was recommended to me by one who knew the Necessity I was under for a well-bred, useful young Person to supply my Place at Table, and receive my Company when I am ill.—And she seems very capable, said her Ladyship, of that Employment, Madam.—Yes, indeed, said Mrs. *Languish*, *Emily* is very good,

good, and suits me extremely.—The Name of *Emily* stunn'd Lady *Coverly* a second Time.—Pray, Madam, continued she, (with a faltering Voice, which they attributed to her Disorder) where do her Father and Mother live? I can't think how they cou'd part with such a good Girl as you say she is.—I am so very unfortunate, my Lady, said *Emily*, as to have neither Father nor Mother; nor have I the least Remembrance of those endearing Relations.

Lady *Coverly*, perceiving that *Emily* was greatly affected by the Recollection of her Misfortunes, chang'd the Conversation, and talk'd about her own Disorders, which, she said, were rather increas'd than diminish'd, by the *Bath* Regimen.

When she chose to retire, *Emily* waited on her to her Chamber, and offered to assist her in undressing; but she wou'd not let her. My own Woman, Miss *Willis*, said she, will be sufficient, but I shall be very glad to see you in the Morning.

When the Morning came, Mrs. *Languish* received the following laconic Epistle from Miss *Maggot* in *London*.

“ Dear Sister,

“ I AM sorry I can’t return to meet
 “ Lady *Coverly*, as I intended. I
 “ have sprain’d my Ankle, by stepping
 “ hastily out of the Coach, and am con-
 “ fined to my Room.”

Lady *Coverly* was not very anxious about the Absence of Miss *Maggot*, as she was diligently attended by *Emily*, who scarce ever stirr’d from her Side, but to pay her Duty to Mrs. *Languish*. There was a Something in this Lady which attracted *Emily*’s Notice in a very particular Manner; there was a Grandeur in her Air, that fill’d her with a Kind of reverential Awe, tho’ she felt, at the same Time, a strong Inclination to love her.

Lady *Coverly* was very much indispos’d the Night of her Arrival, but grew so much worse before three Days
 expir’d,

expir'd, that she was confined to her Chamber.

Emily, as I said before, was a diligent Attendant on Lady *Coverly*; who look'd often at her with uncommon Earnestness, and sigh'd: And every now and then an involuntary Tear wou'd steal down her pallid Cheeks. The gentle *Emily*, having often perceived these Symptoms of deep Distress, with Concern and Curiosity, said to her one Day, when they were alone together, I seem, Madam, to give you Uneasiness; you appear troubled whenever you look on me. Pardon the Liberty I take, but I am afflicted to see you oppress'd with Melancholy, and wish it was in my Power to dispel it.

You are very obliging and good, Miss *Willis*, said my Lady, I am indeed, oppress'd with Melancholy; and will confess, since you have taken Notice of it, that you are the cause of it.—I wish you wou'd not think me impertinent, if I ask you a few Questions.

Dear Madam, said *Emily*, I am sure I never can think your Ladyship guilty of

Impertinence: I only wish it was in my Power to be serviceable to you. Pray command me, Madam.

I want to know then, Child, said she, who your Parents were. You say you lost them when young; but certainly you often have been told of them.

No, indeed, my Lady, said *Emily*, with her Eyes full of Tears, I never had heard who, or what they were. I never enjoyed that sweet Satisfaction: —One Mrs. *Dawson* had the Care of me—

Mrs. *Dawson*? said Lady *Coverly* hastily, Mrs. *Dawson* do you say?—O how cruel is the Remembrance of *that* Name! But did she never tell you who your Father and Mother were?

No, Madam, said *Emily*, she never told me their Names; she only said I must not think of them, because they wou'd never own me.

It was with Difficulty that *Emily* was able to utter the last Words of her Speech, so frequently were they interrupted

rupted by her Sighs and Tears. Lady Coverly thoroughly sympathiz'd with her, and at last said, Come hither, *Emily*, come nearer to me (for she was stretched in her Bed, being exceedingly ill) I believe I shall die—I am pretty sure I shall—but I must unfold a Secret, before I depart, only to thee; it concerns only thee; if you are well assured that your Name is *Emily Willis*, and that Mrs. *Jane Dawson*, the Wife of *Thomas Dawson*, who was one of the Clerks in the *Treasury*, brought you up as her Niece.

Yes, Madam, replied *Emily*, trembling exceedingly, I own indeed that my Name is *Emily Willis*, and that the Lady you have mention'd brought me up.

Then, said my Lady, thou art—but hush! does no-body hear?—I shall be undone, if I am discover'd.—Fasten the Door—O, fasten the Door, and then come hither.—Thou art my Child! my Daughter! my *Emily*!—I am thy lost Mother!

Gracious God! cried *Emily*, in the Height of Astonishment, am I so very
C 6 happy

happy as to find my Mother in you, Madam?—O what Extacy it gives me!

Hush, hush, my dear Girl, said Lady Coverly, moderate thy Transports, or you will ruin me.—I am thy Mother——thy fond Mother——but not a Soul must know it——I will tell thee all——but are you sure no-body listens?

Nobody indeed, my dear, dear Mother, said *Emily*; suffer me to call you softly by that tender Name, and on my Knees implore your Blessing.

Rise, my sweet Girl, said my Lady; how you melt me!—How cou'd I have such a Child, and never enquire after her?—But the Fear of a Discovery prevented me.—Oh, my dear Child, can you forgive me?

I do, I do, Madam, said *Emily*, I knew you cou'd not well do otherwise; Mrs. Dawson told me——

What did she tell you? said my Lady. Let me know every Particular, Child; but as you love me, speak softly, or I shall

shall be betray'd to Infamy and Ruin—
O my poor bleeding Heart !

Emily begg'd her to be comforted, told her every Thing *Mrs. Dawson* had communicated to her, and assured her no Creature shou'd ever hear a Syllable of it. *Lady Coverly* then replied, Now, my dear Child, hear *my* sad Tale, which must begin where *Dawson* left off: I loved your Father, whose Name was *Melville*, of a very good Family in *Scotland*—*was*, did I say?—Perhaps he is now living and as miserable as I am—But, I say, I lov'd him fondly enough to commit that Crime, tho' I lov'd *Grandeur* more—for I could not prevail on myself to quit all Expectations of being my Father's Heirefs, and to follow his slender Fortune.—If I had done that, I shou'd have been more happy—I shou'd have died innocent in his Arms, whereas now, my Soul has a Load of Guilt upon it which is almost insupportable. O, my Child, take Warning by thy wretched Mother—let nothing tempt thee, my dear Girl, to stray from the Paths of Honour, lest thou suffer as I have done. O *Emily, Emily*, how tenderly your dear Father loved me! How much he press'd
me

me to be his Wife!—Why, why did I not listen to his Persuasions?—But that curs'd Fiend, Ambition, overpower'd me, and I now smart severely for all my past foul Deeds—Hark! — Somebody's coming—O Heavens! I am gone for ever—Mercy, mercy!

Here the Violence of several contending Passions, which struggled for a Vent in this unhappy Lady's Breast, depriv'd her of her Intellects for some Minutes. She could only express herself by incoherent Words, interrupted Accents, frantic Looks, and convulsive Motions. *Emily*, not less distressed, tho' in a different Manner, hung over her with a Countenance in which Terror, Duty, and Affection, were all blended together. After a short Pause, she rose hastily from her Bed, pushed *Emily* from her, and cried, Stand off, you shan't tell him.—I'll tell him myself—if he must know it.—But why must he know it?—Oh why?

Here a violent Shower of Tears seemed to promise a Return of Reason. She began to grow calm, and beheld, with the most distracting Tenderness,
poor

poor *Emily* on her Knees before her, beseeching her to be composed.

Alas, my Child, said she, how your Innocence deceives you ! The guilty never are composed—but keep my Secret I charge thee—shou'd you speak, or even look as if I was thy Mother, I'll spurn you from me.—Yet, can I spurn my Child? my dear, dear Daughter?—Say, my *Emily*, oh, tell me, where thou hast lived, and how, since *Dawson* died.—*Dawson*, Child, was formerly my Nurse; I trusted her with the Secret of thy Birth—She married my Father's Steward, and when I married, —Oh why did I marry any body but *Melville*? I begg'd Sir *Harry* to get him that *Place* as a Reward for his Wife's Fidelity. He, not suspecting my Motive, obliged me.—He never suspected me—I wronged *him*, I wronged *Melville*, but most of all, I wronged *thee*, my Child!

No, my dear Madam, said *Emily*, you have not.—In being kind to Mrs. *Dawson*, you was kind to me; for she left me, Madam, a Thousand Pounds.

Did

Did she, did she? cried Lady Coverly eagerly, God will reward her for it, God will bless her in Heaven.—She has been more a Mother to thee than I have—I am a very Savage.—O, how Remembrance galls me! If thy Father is still living, my Child; if thou should'st ever see him, tell him how sincerely I repented of my Crime; tell him how much I grieved that I was not his faultless Wife, rather than the guilty Wretch I now am.

Dear Madam, said *Emily*, be not ruffled now: you cannot recall what's past.

No, no, Child, said my Lady, there's the Unhappiness—I know I am undone—I know I shall die—I wish to die—and yet I am not fit for Death.—And must I die, cried she, gazing fondly at *Emily*, without making some Provision for thee? for thee, the most amiable of Children? O it is too much, too much to bear—Here, here, cried she, laying her Hand upon her Heart, are all the torturing Pangs; but it will break by and bye, and then all will be at an End.

Emily,

Emily, observing that she was going to rave again, was almost equally distracted. She said all she could bring out intelligible (for Sighs and Sobs, and Tears would hardly let her speak) to sooth her to Peace. At last she seemed to be quite spent, threw herself upon the Bed, and lay senseless for above an Hour: Her Woman then came to the Door to know if she wanted any Thing. *Emily*, who did not well know how to conceal her Tears, told her through the Door, that her Lady was trying to take a little Rest: She then turned to her Mother, and told her she would retire to her own Room, and pretend to be ill, in order to hide her Anxiety.

What, leave me to myself? I cannot bear myself. — O *Emily*, my dearest Daughter, help me, help me.

I wish I could, Madam, said *Emily*; but let me entreat you to endeavour to be quiet. I will never discover the Secret you have trusted me with, but will love and honour you, though at a Distance.

Love and honour such a Wretch as me! said my Lady; no Child, no, you cannot,

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cannot, you ought not; but get you gone; get you gone—leave me, or I shall be discovered—I shall be betrayed.—Is nobody in the Room?

No indeed Madam, said *Emily*.

Did not you speak just now, Child, to Somebody?

Only to your Woman, Madam, said she, through the Key-hole.

Aye, said my *Lady*, then 'tis all out.

As soon as these Words were out of her Mouth, she rose in a Fury, flew to *Emily*, and seizing her by the Throat, thus went on; You little Serpent, you have betrayed me, you have told her all.

Emily struggled in vain some Moments to disengage herself from her Gripe; but which at length she accomplished, and then fell at her Feet in a Flood of Tears, and once more melted her to Tenderness. She rais'd her gently from her supplicating Posture, clasp'd her fondly in her Arms, and cried, O,
I have

I have murder'd my innocent Child!—
Must I add new Crimes to those I have
already committed? My poor dear un-
fortunate Girl, you must not kneel to
me—'tis my business to kneel to thee,
and to ask thee Pardon for all the Mife-
ry I have made thee endure.

Emily was so much shock'd at this last
Speech, that she could not utter a Word.
—A Pause ensued—but it was soon
interrupted by the Noise of Feet on the
Stairs, which again alarmed the un-
happy Lady. Be gone, this Instant,
cried she, or I am lost—and as you
love your Life, tell not a Word of all
this.

Emily dreaded a Discovery as much as
her Mother did, as she thought it might
injure both her Character and her Health,
yet knew not how to leave her, for fear
she should hurt herself. Finding, how-
ever, that her Presence tended to in-
crease her Ravings, she threw her Arms
round her Neck, kiss'd her affectionately,
assured her she wou'd never divulge
what had passed, intreated her to try to
get well; and to love her *Emily*.

Lady

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Lady Coverly was just at that time compos'd enough to thank her for her dutiful and affectionate Behaviour, and to promise to love her for ever.

Emily then touch'd the Bell, that her *Woman* might come and stay with her, and hurried away to her own Chamber, where she flung herself on the Bed, and gave a Loose to the most poignant Sorrow that the human Heart can feel.

Lady Coverly's Illness, which was pronounced incurable at *Bath*, was considerably increas'd by the Agonies she had suffer'd in making herself known to her Daughter. They threw her into a high Fever, and her *Woman* was terrified at her frantic Behaviour. *Emily* was soon miss'd and sought after. She was found upon the Bed, but her Face was hid with a Handkerchief, and she begg'd to be left alone, because a violent Head-ach prevented her from stirring. The Servant, however, did not chuse to quit the Room till she had inform'd her of Lady Coverly's deplorable Condition, which added new Fuel to her Affliction. Before Night, my Lady grew so bad that the Apothecary said she cou'd not support

support Life long. Dr. *Hopeless* too, who had been desir'd to prescribe when he paid Mrs. *Languish* a Visit, till her own Physician cou'd be sent for, was of the same Opinion. Her Ravings continued with very little Intermission: But as her Sentences were broken and disjointed, not much Sense cou'd be made of what she utter'd, by those who attended her, especially as they had no Suspicions. She called, indeed, on *Emily*, and talk'd about her Daughter; but they suppos'd she had, by mentioning the first, taken a Liking to *Emily* as a new Acquaintance, and attributed her talking about the last to the Desire she had of seeing Miss *Coverly*, who was a fine Girl about Fourteen, and for whom, and Sir *Harry*, they had dispatch'd a Messenger. Her Discourse seem'd to turn wholly on a Discovery she dreaded, and Apprehensions of future Punishments; but as delirious People have strange Fancies, those who were about her put no particular Construction upon the Words she spoke. Poor *Emily*, as she was quite overcome by Grief, at her Mother's Distress, by being kept from her, was unfit to make her Appearance, and therefore kept close to her Chamber,

ber, where she spent the Time in lamenting her hard Lot, and in offering up Petitions to the Supreme Being, for her distracted Mother's Relief.—Her Petitions were soon heard, for on the next Day, about an Hour before Sir *Harry* arriv'd, she breathed her last.

Mrs. *Dawdle*, who went to enquire after *Emily*, by her Mistress's Orders, whenever she cou'd be spared, was the first who acquainted her with Lady *Coverly's* Death; which, tho' she had wish'd for, and expected every Minute, shock'd her so much that she fell motionless on the Bed she sat on, but soon recover'd herself.—I have been so much frightened, said she to *Dawdle*, to see Lady *Coverly* in so unhappy a Way, as I was the only Person in the Room, when she was first taken ill, that I believe my present Disorder is owing to the Shock I then receiv'd. But I will try to compose my troubled Thoughts, and to procure some Refreshment by Sleep.—She mention'd the Word *Sleep* in order to get rid of *Dawdle*, whose Presence hindered her from easing her heavy Heart, by giving vent to the Sorrows which overpower'd it. As soon as *Dawdle* left her, she burst
into

into the most pathetic Lamentations. —How particularly wretched am I, said she, to be for so many Years deprived of the Blessings of parental Tendernefs, to be tofs'd about from Place to Place, to be one Day received into an indulgent Family, and the next to be exposed to the wide World, uncertain of a Subsistence; then to find a Mother thoroughly agreeable to my Wishes, and to lose her soon afterwards for ever, and in so dreadful a Manner too, before I was allowed to pay her the common Duties of a Child!—These, these are tormenting Reflexions!

When *Emily* had given Way to a Series of melancholy Ideas, for about two Hours, Mrs. *Dawdle* again appeared, and, by her Lady's Order, desir'd her to admit Dr. *Hopeless*, who was just arrived; but she said she found herself somewhat better, and begg'd to be excus'd.

Two Days she continued in this Manner, a Recluse in her own Apartment, during which the Corpse of Lady *Coverly* was removed to Town, whither *Emily* thought of going soon, for she cou'd
not

not reconcile herself to a Spot, on which the most horrid Scene she had ever beheld, had been presented to her. She cou'd receive no Consolation from any Person in a Family in which the Image of her unfortunate Mother was always before her Eyes. She determined therefore to withdraw from Mrs. *Languish* for some Time, and accept of Mrs. *Easy*'s Offer, till her Concern was a little abated: But before she set out, she sent the following Letter to her Friend:

“ *To Mrs. EASY.*

“ *Dear Madam,*

“ **A** Most extraordinary Event has
 “ lately happened here, the Particulars of which you shall be acquainted with, as soon as I have the Happiness to see you. In the mean Time
 “ I think proper to inform you, that I
 “ am going to accept of your kind Offer, and to occupy your Apartment
 “ in Town.—I hope that you or Mrs.
 “ *Coleman* will be able to recommend

“ me to another Family, for *this* I
“ shou’d be glad to quit for ever.

“ *I am, Dear Madam,*

“ *Your much oblig’d*

“ *Humble Servant,*

“ E. WILLIS.”

When *Emily* communicated her Design to Mrs. *Languish*, and desir’d her to spare her for a Week or ten Days, she cou’d not without some Difficulty obtain her Request; for that Lady was very loth to part with her ; but, on being repeatedly intreated, she at last consented.—*Emily* then left a House which she cou’d no longer behold, but with the most cutting Sorrow.

Mrs. *Coleman* welcom’d her with a great deal of Affability, and enquired good-naturedly after the Cause of the disagreeable Alteration in her Countenance: But *Emily*, who was resolved to secrete her Affairs from every Body, except Mrs. *Easy*, only told her she had been very much out of Order, and was

then far from well; but thought that Change of Air would relieve her.—I am very much obliged to you, Madam, said she, for recommending me to so good a Family, who have behaved with the utmost Politeness to me; but as Mrs. *Languish* is of so dejected a Temper, I am afraid I cannot stay long with her: I should, therefore, be glad to hear of a more chearful Family.—Mrs. *Coleman* said, she would make a speedy Enquiry after such a Family, and did every Thing in her Power to raise her Spirits; for *Emily* spent most of her retired Hours in Sighs and in Tears, and had thereby contracted a Melancholy which prey'd too much on her.

At length, the unexpected Arrival of Mrs. *Easy* brought her some Relief, and suspended her Sorrows. She flew with Transport to receive her; and, as soon as they were by themselves, fulfilled the Promise she had made in her Letter, and begg'd to have her Advice.—I have complied, said she, with my unhappy Mother's Request in keeping this important Secret.—And you acted, said Mrs. *Easy*, very prudently in so doing, my dear *Emily*. The Discovery of it,
now

now she is no more, would create much Uneasiness in her Family, would make People reflect upon her Memory, and would do you no Kind of Service : It is indeed a very pitiable Affair ; but we must not always give Way to our Griefs, my Dear : You have done your Duty, and must not suffer the Remembrance of so mournful a Scene to affect you too deeply. I hope I shall contribute to alleviate your Affliction. The Gentleman, at whose House I have lately passed several Days, has an agreeable Daughter, about two or three and twenty, who leads but a dull Life at present, because her Father is a very whimsical old Gentleman. She was one Day complaining to me of her awkward Situation, and wished that I would always be with her. I took that Opportunity to recommend you to her as a Companion, because I dare venture to say you will soon be pleased with each other. And, if this should be the Case, you may in a little Time be still more agreeably settled ; for if the Match, which is now in Hand, takes place, I doubt not but she will retain you in her Family. Such a Situation may in time be advantageous, as well as pleasing, as they are both

D 2

young

young People, and will probably see a great deal of genteel Company. By this Means, you know, my dear *Emily*, you may not only enjoy a Variety of Amusements, but contract some valuable Friendships.—*Emily* return'd Mrs. *Easy* a thousand Thanks for her Kindnesses to her, and told her, she would write to Mrs. *Languish*, as soon as the young Lady had determin'd in her Favour.—Then, said Mrs. *Easy*, you may write directly, for I am to carry you down with me next Week: But we must go down in a Post-Chaise; for old *Pettish* will not let his Horses come to Town for me, as well as he likes my Company.—Is the young Lady's Name *Pettish* too, Madam? said *Emily*; I went to School with a Miss *Nancy Pettish*; who was a very good-natured Girl, but she was four or five Years older than myself. Her Father lived in *Buckinghamshire*, and his Seat was called *Myrtle-Hall*, and spelt exactly like the Seat to which I directed my Letter to you.—Aye, said Mrs. *Easy*, it is the very same Place. Miss *Pettish* remembers you too, and has spoken very handsomely of your Behaviour at School: Therefore I fancied you would suit each other prodigiously.—

ously.—I hope I shall please her, Madam, said *Emily*; but though I am very desirous of being with her soon, yet I think, I ought first to wait on Miss *Maggot*, who is confin'd in Town by her Sprain, to thank her for all her Civilities to me, as I cannot so well see Mrs. *Languish*, not knowing how to bear the Sight of a House, in which I have lately felt such painful Sensations.—I don't think there is any Occasion for your going to her, said Mrs. *Easy*, a Letter of Acknowledgement to her for all Favours will be sufficient: You may therein tell her, that your bad State of Health will not permit you to return, and that you have great Reason to believe her Family will not suit you. I never liked your going to the *Languish*'s, only I did not know what Family to recommend you to just at that Time.—Indeed, Madam, said *Emily*, Mrs. *Languish* has been very obliging to me; but there are many Reasons, besides the last melancholy one, why her House is not a proper one for me. As Miss *Maggot* is in Town, and as my dear Mother is dead, I should be left too much alone with Mr. *Languish*; and more alone with him in the Country than in Town, because he is

more frequently there.—Well, my Dear, said Mrs. *Easy*, let us not revive past Scenes; you must think now of nothing but recovering your Spirits, for you will have Occasion for your whole Stock at *Myrtle-Hall*: *Nancy Pettish* is a very chearful Creature. She is for making the best of every Thing. Nothing gives her the Vapours.

The Day after this Conversation, *Emily* waited on Miss *Maggot*, who received her in her Chamber with her Foot upon a Cushion. *Emily*, after the first Civilities were over, told her the Occasion of her Visit, and begg'd she would apologize for her to Mrs. *Languish* for leaving her so abruptly.—My bad State of Health, Madam, said she, obliged me to come to Town: And I have, since my Arrival, received an Invitation into the Country from an old School-fellow, which I don't know how to refuse.—I am very sorry, Miss *Willis*, said she, that we are going to lose you, especially at a Time when my Sister has met with such a Shock by Lady *Coverly's* Death, that I really don't know when she will recover from it. Mr. *Languish* wrote me word, that you were the first Person

Person she talk'd mildly to, and that you was greatly affected with her Behaviour. Poor Woman! every Body surely must have been affected with it. I declare I am all over in a Twitter when I think of her. To die raving! But the worst is, my poor Sister, who is as distempered in Imagination, as Lady *Coverly* was in reality, will fancy herself mad after this on every Occasion, and will want half a Dozen Nurses and Doctors more.—*Emily* shuddered at this Mention of her Mother's Name, and turn'd as pale as Death; but Miss *Maggot*, whose Head was full of other Matters, ran on without taking any Notice of the Change in her Countenance—Indeed, *Emily*, said she, I am quite concern'd at your leaving us, I protest. I never saw a Girl so pretty, that had so little Vanity; for most Women are so full of themselves, that are any thing tolerable! Now, for my Part, I own I never was. I never cou'd admire myself, and always wonder'd what the Men could see in me. Sure I have nothing particular about me, Miss *Willis*, I think? Yet I declare I am afraid to stir out of Doors ever, for Fear of being pester'd with Fellows, and am just now going to part with my

Woman, because she will connive at their Impertinence, and is so impudent as to say, that 'tis only my Fancy, and that they don't trouble their Heads about me. Sure I can see: I never was mistaken in my Life in these Affairs. I understand every Motion of the Eye to a Tittle; no Body can deceive me, for most of my Admirers have discovered their Passion by their Eyes. I was too coy and too delicate to suffer any other Explanation: Words may be obscene, when the Flame is desperate. A Squeeze of the Hand is infinitely too great a Liberty, and a Kiss is next to Violation. O I could never bear it! And if all young Girls were like me, and would keep the Men at a Distance, we should not hear of so many *faux-pas*.

Emily, finding Miss *Maggot* was not in a Humour to bring her Discourse to a Conclusion, and being in too thoughtful a Mood to relish such unimportant Prattle, rose respectfully from her Seat, and took Leave of her.

END of the FOURTH BOOK.

EMILY



EMILY WILLIS:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

NATURAL DAUGHTER.

BOOK V.

WHEN *Emily* returned Home, she wrote a very handsome Letter to Mrs. *Languish*, and shewed it to her Friend. It is a very proper one, said Mrs. *Easy*, and I approve of every Thing you have mention'd in it; but I think, nevertheless, that you have left out a material Circumstance: You have taken no Notice of Money-Matters. How stands the Account between you

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and

and Mrs. *Languish*? Did she ever make you a Present during your Stay with her? Or, did you pay the House-keeper's Bills, and settle with her afterwards?—No, Madam, said *Emily*, I had no more to do with the Affairs of the Family than Mrs. *Languish* herself. Mr. *Languish* paid all the Bills; but they both behaved very genteelly to me. She gave me five Guineas soon after I came into her Family, and, just before they went into the Country, Mr. *Languish* said to her, I hope, my Dear, you don't forget Miss *Willis*: She may, perhaps, have Occasion for Money. She thank'd him for putting her in mind of me, and gave me ten Guineas more: Therefore, Madam, I think I am over-paid for the short Time I was with her.—I am glad, said Mrs. *Easy*, that you have been so well paid, for I was afraid you might have something to receive, and that your abrupt Departure might hurt your Interest. You will not, at present, find Mr. *Pettish*'s Family so profitable, tho' I believe, and hope, it will be much more agreeable to you: You will have twenty Pounds a Year there, paid constantly every Quarter; which, with the Interest of your Money, when we can get it, will do

do pretty well.—Extremely well, Madam, said *Emily*, but I almost despair of bringing Mr. *Hippocrene* to my Terms, he is so strange a Man, and at such a Distance from me.—Why, that's true, said Mrs. *Easy*; I doubt he will give us a great deal of Trouble; but Patience and Perseverance do Wonders. My Friend has not yet had an Answer from his Correspondent: Cou'd we but find where your Guardian is, we might oblige him to give up his Trust, when you are of Age, and make him pay the Interest due upon your Fortune; from the Time he left *England*, till that Day.—I wish he may be found, Madam, said *Emily*, but I can be very happy with so genteel an Allowance as twenty Pounds a Year, if I have the good Fortune to make myself agreeable to the young Lady.—O, never fear, cried Mrs. *Easy*, I'll answer for your pleasing her. But you must think of preparing for the Journey, for I propose to order the Chaise to come on *Monday*, if you have no Objection.—No Objection in the World, Madam, said *Emily*; I shall be glad to wait on you, as soon as you please.

On the *Monday* following Mrs. *Easy* and *Emily* took Leave of Mrs. *Coleman*, and entered their Post-chaise, from which they alighted at *Myrtle-Hall*, after a safe and expeditious Journey, about four o'Clock in the Afternoon. Miss *Pettish*, at the first Glimpse of them, rush'd out of the Parlour to welcome them, and conducted them into the Drawing-room, where she had ordered a Table to be prepar'd.—You know my dear Mrs. *Easy*, said Miss *Pettish*, Papa will not be persuaded to leave off his old-fashion'd Hours; he dined as usual at one o'Clock: But *I* have reserv'd an Appetite to welcome you and my old Friend Miss *Willis*, whom I am heartily glad to see at *Myrtle-Hall*.—*Emily* thank'd her for receiving her so courteously, and then the Repast began. Many little Occurrences, which happened at School, were talked over till the Servants were gone, and then Mrs. *Easy* began to ask Miss *Pettish* what had happened at *Myrtle-Hall*, during her short Absence. While Miss *Pettish* was satisfying Mrs. *Easy*'s Inquisitiveness, *Emily* had an Opportunity of taking a full Survey of her *Person*, for she was almost grown out of her Knowledge. She was very tall and genteel,

genteel, rather inclining to be lean than fat. Her Face was rather long than round, so that she cou'd not have the least Pretensions to Beauty: But she had such a lively Expression in her Eyes, and such a Gracefulness in her whole Carriage, that every Body, who beheld her, pronounced her to be a very agreeable Girl.

Emily's Attention to this young Lady's Person was soon called off, by the Entrance of a Servant, who told them his Master desired their Company in the next Room.—O, then Papa has had his Nap, said Miss *Pettish*; if you please, Mrs. *Easy*, I will introduce Miss *Willis* to him: Come, continued she, taking *Emily* by the Hand, you must not be surprized if the old Gentleman shou'd be a little blunt: All People have their Foibles and Particularities, especially when they advance in Years; but he is very kind to us all, and loves to have us about him. As she spoke the last Words, she open'd the Parlour Door, and led *Emily* to her Father, who was sitting in an old-fashion'd Elbow-Chair, from which he made no Efforts to rise, but nodded his Head at her, and said to his Daughter,

Daughter, So, so, is this the young Gentlewoman Mrs. *Easy* was to bring to keep you Company? Well, well, she is a good comely Lass, and I am glad to see her here: But indeed, my Child, continued he to *Emily*, you will lead a strange Life with that Mad-cap. But where's *Easy*? why don't *she* come hither? She is a fitter Companion for me: I am growing old, Miss *Willis*, now, and am but indifferent Company; but adad, Things were otherwise when I was a young Fellow, let me tell you.—May be so, said Mrs. *Easy*, laughing, who just then entered the Room; but you seem pretty well now; and I hope you have been so ever since I left you.—No, no, said he, rubbing his Forehead, I have been horribly plagued about that Girl there; (pointing to his Daughter) old *Query* has been here, and teazes me to give my Consent.—Well, said Mrs. *Easy*, and why shou'dn't you give your Consent? Your Daughter has no Objection to his Nephew, and why shou'd you have any? Sir *John Frankair* is very agreeable, and has a good Character—Pshaw, Pshaw, said *Pettish*, what do you talk of his Character! All Nonsense and Stuff, for his Estate is not near so
good

good as mine; and I will not undervalue my Daughter so much, as to marry her to a Man beneath her, let him be who he will: I could not have had her Mother on those Terms, when I was a young Fellow; but Things are quite turn'd topsy-turvy since that Time. I remember it was no easy Matter then to get a Wife: But now, a-dad, the Girls are all ready to say, *yes*, at the first Time of asking! All Cock-a-hoop for Husbands. *Nanny*, I warrant, would have been married five Years ago, if I would have given my Consent. And this young Gentlewoman, continued he, turning to *Emily*, is not averse to a Husband, I suppose.—I dare say, Papa, said Miss *Pettish*, laughing, that Miss *Willis* is just in as great a Hurry to be married as I am.—Ay, ay, ay, ay, said her Father, you are all alike. Are they not, *Easy*? But, come come, *Nanny*, take your new Acquaintance into the Garden, and shew her all the Curiosities in it, and leave *Easy* and me to talk a little by ourselves.—Miss *Pettish* obey'd with Pleasure, and when they were gone out of the Room, the old Gentleman thus unbosom'd himself.

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I told *Query*, that his Nephew shall not have my Daughter, except he will promise to leave him his whole Estate at his Death ; but he demurred about it, and, therefore, I have broke off all Correspondence with him.—I am sorry for it, said Mrs. *Easy*, you may never have so agreeable an Offer again : And what signifies it, whether they have exactly so many Thousand a Year, provided they have enough, and are satisfied with their Condition ? Sir *John* is very fond of the Alliance, and has given all the Proofs in his Power of his sincere Regard for your Daughter : She does not dislike him, and, therefore, why shou'd you oppose a Union, which will in all human Probability, be a very happy one, only for the Sake of a little dirty Money, for which they may never have an Occasion ?

O, but they will and must have Occasion for it, said he. Dirty Money ! Adad, I believe, as dirty as it is, many a one wou'd be glad to have the finger-ing of it. I am sure, I was glad enough to finger it, when I was a young Fellow.—Aye, and you long to finger it now too, tho' you are an *old* Fellow, said Mrs.

Mrs. *Easy*, or you wou'd never refuse so suitable a Match.—How can it be a suitable Match, said *Pettish*, when I tell you their Fortunes are so unequal?—I don't talk of their Fortunes, said Mrs. *Easy*, I talk of their Inclinations, and their Minds; for 'tis by a Conformity of *them* alone, that the Marriage State can be happy; without which all the Money in the Universe will not procure a Moment's Satisfaction.—Well, well, well, said *Pettish*, in a violent Heat, I don't think there is that Conformity you talk of: Or, suppose there is, why may not a Conformity be found elsewhere? I have another Man in my Eye for the Girl, and if old *Query* won't comply with my Proposal, he shall have her, adad.—Aye, said Mrs. *Easy*, and pray who is this other Man? Do I know him?—I can't tell, said he, whether you do or no, but the Girl shall have him, if I please.—What, said Mrs. *Easy*, whether she likes him or no? Fie, Mr. *Pettish*, I am ashamed to hear you talk so: There is not a Man in the World who has a better Daughter than you have, and yet you want to make that Daughter for ever unhappy, by forcing her to marry a Man, whom she cannot like,
only

only because he is your own Choice. Indeed, Mr. *Pettish*, I did not think a Man of your Sense wou'd talk so absurdly.

Hey-day, cried *Pettish*, what is the Woman upon the High-ropes? Why you are enough to turn the Girl's Head, and make her disobedient: Whom should a Girl marry, but the Man her Father thinks proper for her? What, are young Wenches to chuse for themselves? Things are come to a mighty pretty Pass indeed; I am sure it wasn't so when I was a young Fellow.—I am sure, said Mrs. *Easy*, you would have had it so, when you was a young Fellow; for can you make me believe you would have married Mrs. *Pettish* if you had not liked her, only to please your Father? No, no, Sir, I am not to be so imposed upon. I know your Mind better.—Why, what-a-dickens, cried *Pettish*, perhaps you know me better than I know myself.—Why, perhaps I may, replied Mrs. *Easy*; at least I know that you ought not to make one of the best Girls in the World miserable, only to gratify an avaricious Disposition. I know too that you shall not gratify that
Disposition

Disposition if I can hinder you.—Mighty well, Mrs. *Easy*, said he, mighty well, Madam, you make very free with me truly.—So much the better, said she, I shall do you good, I hope. As long as I don't make too free with your Daughter, nothing will hurt you.—The Entrance of a neighbouring Gentleman put a Stop to their Debate, and Mrs. *Easy* retired to join Miss *Pettish* and *Emily* in the Garden.

Dear Mrs. *Easy*, said Miss *Pettish*, where have you left my Papa?—In his great Chair, Child, said she, with Mr. *Briggens*: But before he came, your Father and I had a stout Debate.—About what? said Miss *Pettish*.—O, you were the Subject of it, said she, I have been a warm Advocate for Sir *John*, I am sure. Your Father grew almost angry.—Sir *John's* much obliged to you, said Miss *Pettish* —And are not *you* obliged to me also? said she. Come, come, *Nancy*, no Double-dealing among Friends; never blush to own an Inclination for a Man of Merit, who loves you sincerely.—Lard, I declare, said Miss *Pettish* laughing, I am not certain whether I have an Inclination for him or
no.

no.—Well then, said Mrs. *Easy*, if you have not, I have sadly mis-spent my Time, and put your Father into a Passion for Nothing.—Poor Papa, said Miss *Pettish*, I know how he always is under your Hands: But Mr. *Briggens* and he will talk about Hay, Corn, and the Land-Tax; from thence they will fall upon the great Enormities of the present Generation, and then all will be set to Rights again. But pray what did Papa say about me and Sir *John*, after all?—O, your Servant, Madam, said Mrs. *Easy*, I find you have a little Curiosity, and I have a great Mind to punish your affected Indifference, by not gratifying it.—Have you, really? said she; well then, my dear Mrs. *Easy*, do as you like; I will not force you to do any Thing that goes against the Grain, because I am so much obliged to you for introducing my old School-fellow here. (clapping *Emily* on the Shoulder)—You are a careless, good-humour'd Thing, said Mrs. *Easy*, and therefore I *will* tell you, that old *Query*, by demurring about leaving his Nephew all his Fortune, has made your Father think of another Man for you.—O, gad, cried Miss *Pettish*, another Lover! Lard, if I should like him

him better than *Frankair*! Well, you know if I should, I can't help it. Poor Sir *John*! But who is this new Lover, dear Mrs. *Easy*? Tell me I beseech you, for I am impatient to know.— Upon my Word, I can't tell, said Mrs. *Easy*, nor do I know whether I would if I cou'd, you are so entirely good for nothing, and discover so very little Regard for Sir *John*.—Lard, *Easy*, said she, you are the strangest Creature! Why surely you wou'd not have me like a Man my Father does not approve of. No, I positively never will be disobedient to my Papa.—Go, go, said Mrs. *Easy*, pushing her away in a merry Mood, your Father has no Dislike to Sir *John*: He is only afraid you will come to want Bread, if you are married to him.— Well, said Miss *Pettish*, and that would be a terrible Thing indeed. My Papa is very good to take Care of his Girl. But who can this *new* Lover be? O, I'll lay this Pinch of Snuff to a Pot of Coffee, that I have found him out. He is my worthy neighbour *Wary* of the Grove. He has visited us very often lately, and I thought the old Gentleman's Eyes began to twinkle at me more than usual.—Sure, said Mrs. *Easy*,
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your Father can never think of so preposterous a Match: Why *Wary* is scarce ten Years younger than himself.—O, but he can, my Dear, said Miss *Pettish*; I dare say this is the Man. He is *so* rich and *so* prudent, that, to be sure, I shall be immensely happy with him. But here comes my Papa, with Mr. *Briggens*: Now, Miss *Willis*, you will have a curious Specimen of my rural Neighbours.—The Conversation then turned on Country Matters 'till Supper-time.

After Supper Miss *Pettish*, as it was a very fine Moon-light Night, asked *Emily* if she would take a Turn in the Park, and *Emily* readily answering in the Affirmative, they sallied forth, and left the old Folks and Mrs. *Easy* to enjoy their own Conversation. They went to walk under a Row of Elms, where they had not been five Minutes, before a young Gentleman accosted Miss *Pettish*.—This Gentleman was, indeed, her Lover, Sir *John Frankair*.—Lard, Sir *John*, said she, what do you do here? Don't you know that your Uncle and my Father can't agree, and that I am destined to be the Wife of another Man?

Man? I wonder at you really—'tis quite wrong—if my Papa was to know of my seeing you, he would be very angry, and with Reason.—Good God, Madam, said he, what do you mean? Have they absolutely quarrelled? I was in Hopes they had not, from what my Uncle said.—Yes, yes, I tell you, said Miss *Pettish*, they have, and I must see you no more. Pray leave me.—And can you resolve to come into their Measures? said he; must all my fond Schemes of Happiness vanish into nothing? Will you obey your rigid Father at the Expence of your own Peace of Mind?—How do I know, said she, that I shan't be as happy with another Man as I should be with you? You really seem to have an excellent Opinion of your own Merit.—No, Miss *Pettish*, said he, I cannot boast of any Merit, but in the Choice I have made of you. I own I flattered myself that I was not despicable in your Eyes, because you listened to the Professions I made of the sincerest and tenderest Affection; and I was in Hopes, that by studying constantly your Disposition, and endeavouring to please you, I might one Day render myself worthy of a Return of Tenderness.

ness. You gave me Room to hope for a Return, by your engaging Behaviour to me: And must all my flattering Expectations be crossed at once? What have I done to deserve so unhappy a Change?—Why you know, said she, in a softer Tone, I cannot help my Father's Temper: He is not pleased with our Alliance: While he approved of it, I received you as a Man with whom I expected to pass my Life; but as he has now altered his Mind, I must alter my Behaviour to you: And you ought to esteem me the more for my Obedience to him.—I am very sensible, said he, that I have new Reason to esteem you every Hour, and therefore cannot help more and more desiring to be possesst of so amiable a Woman; nor can I so easily give up all my Hopes of Happiness with you. Your Father only hesitates about my Uncle's Estate, and perhaps a second Meeting may reconcile them both. In the mean Time, I will do all in my Power to prevail on my Uncle to comply with your Father's Terms, and don't doubt but I shall succeed. Do not then, my *Nancy*, receive me so coldly, but pity a Heart that cannot be easy till it is united to thine.—I
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am very certain, Sir *John*, said she, that you are very unreasonable to complain of me. I must, and will, obey my Father.—You shall obey your Father, said he, but your Father has not yet forbid you to see me.——Then why, said she, do you come creeping after me at Night? Are there not Hours enough in the Day? I don't like this Privacy, it has too much of the Air of an Intrigue, and if I encourage it, I shall act, in Appearance, contrary to my Father's Approbation, for which I have so great a Value, that positively I won't run a Risque of losing it.—I will not desire you, said he, my dearest *Nancy*, however I may suffer, to disobey your Father. But who is this Rival? Have you seen him? Do you prefer him to me? Or does Obedience alone prompt you to receive him with less Repugnance than you receive me at present?—Lord, how many needless Questions do you ask! said she.—Don't call them needless, said he, because the Happiness of my Life depends on your Answer to them.—Why you know, said she, if I am not married to you, what need you trouble yourself who I have, or whether I like him or no?—Yes, but I must trouble myself,

answered he, for I love you too fondly, too sincerely, not to wish you happy with another Man, if you cannot be happy with me.—And so you will sit down contented, said she, without *me*, provided I am content without *you*?—I don't say so, cried he. No, *Nancy*: You know me too well to imagine I can be easy without you. You know I must, in that Case, be wretched. You know all these Things, and yet are unkind enough to trifle with me.—Well, said she laughing, I must say you are vastly in the wrong, to dangle after a Woman who uses you so scurvily: If I was in your Place, I would get the better of this troublesome Passion, and bid her Adieu for ever.—You are thoroughly sensible of your Power, Madam, said he, and are determined to make Use of it: You are sensible too, that all you can say or do, will never alienate my Affections: I cannot help loving you. But if you knew how many uneasy Moments I have endured since my Uncle's last Visit to your Father, and how much Anxiety I now feel, while I am speaking to you, I am well assured you would rather pity than condemn me. If a Man for whom you had no personal Regard,

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was in my Circumstances, you wou'd think he deserved Compassion, and not endeavour to encrease his Wretchedness: I know you would, because you are naturally of an humane Disposition.—
Ay, ay, said she, now you think you have done your Business; a little Flattery will soften me, to be sure. But come, I was just going before that pretty Speech of yours was utter'd, to give you a little Comfort, if you are capable of receiving any; but I must try whether you are or no. What now would you have me do? Wou'd you have me run away with you against my Father's Consent? Don't you think such a Step would tend greatly to heighten your Affection? Woudn't you receive great Satisfaction by marrying a Woman who had given up her Character to gratify her Inclinations, and who, you might reasonably expect, would afterwards run away with the first Man whom she happened to like better than you? Believe me, Sir *John*, a disobedient Daughter will never make an obedient Wife. Go home, and make yourself easy: My Father will never force me to marry a Man I cannot like, nor will I ever marry a Man whom he dislikes. If you love me as you ought

to do, this Answer will satisfy you.— But must I leave you, said hē, without hearing you promise never to give your Hand to another?—How can I make such a Promise? said she. And if I should ever like another Man better than I do you, you will have good Luck to get rid of me. Our Inclinations are so little in our own Power, that I will not pretend to answer for mine. I know at present I prefer you to all the Men I have ever seen, and while I keep in this Mind, I shall not be so mad as to marry any Body else. You, I suppose, are of the same Opinion with regard to me; but how soon we may change, neither of us can tell. So I wish you a good Night.— After pronouncing this abrupt Adieu, she took *Emily* by the Arm, and tripp'd nimbly homeward, notwithstanding all Sir *John*'s Efforts to detain her a few Minutes longer.

As soon as Mrs. *Easy* and *Emily* retired to their Apartment, (for Mrs. *Easy* intreated to have her Company every Night while she stayed at *Myrtle-Hall*) *Emily* returned her many Thanks for recommending her to Miss *Pettish*.—Miss *Pettish*, said she, is the properest Person
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in the World to keep up my Spirits.—I told you, said Mrs. *Easy*, she was a very chearful, good-humour'd Girl; and I can assure you she seems as much pleas'd with you as you can expect any Body to be, in so short a Time. I wish she was well married, for I think her Father is very whimsical about the Disposal of her. *Emily* then related all the Park Conversation between Sir *John* and Miss *Pettish*, at the Desire of the latter, who bid her, when she wish'd her a good Night, tell *Easy* she had seen Sir *John*. Mrs. *Easy* laughed heartily at Miss *Pettish*'s careless Treatment of her Lover, and informed *Emily* of the whole Course of their Amour. Sir *John*, said she, has admired her ever since she was a Child, and as soon as he came to his Title and Estate, made a Proposal of Marriage, which was not rejected, on Condition that his Mother's Brother, Mr. *Query*, should leave him the Estate he then enjoyed, at his Death. Mr. *Query* agreed to the Terms proposed; the Writings were drawn, nay even the Wedding-Cloaths were bought, and yet the Match was broke off; for old *Pettish* declared, on a sudden, that it was an unsuitable one, and that Sir *John*

should not have his Daughter, except *Query* (whose Fortune had been, after the Bargain was made, considerably increased by the Death of a near Relation) would promise to leave his Nephew every Thing that he was then possessed of, at his Death. As *Query* thought this Demand a very unreasonable one, a Stop was immediately put to all Marriage-Affairs, and *Pettish* began to look out for a more wealthy, and consequently, in his Opinion, a better Husband for his Daughter.—I think, said *Emily*, the old Gentleman's Behaviour to Sir *John* is highly blameable.—It is so indeed, said Mrs. *Easy*; I am quite concerned about it. But *Nancy* has such good Spirits, that she will be hurt less than a thousand Girls would be in her Situation.

• The next Morning Miss *Pettish* saluted her Friends with a Good-morrow, as chearful as if nothing had happened; and invited them into the Breakfast-Room, where the Tea-Table was plentifully stock'd for their Morning's Repast. The old Gentleman had crammed himself with Milk-Porridge, some Hours before; however, he honoured them

them with his Company. During the Circulation of the Tea-Cups and the Muffins, many sarcastical Speeches passed between him and Mrs. *Easy*, on a Review of the Subject which they had canvassed the preceding Evening. When the Breakfast-Things were removed, he went to walk over his Grounds, while the Ladies diverted themselves with the Harpsichord till the Clock struck *One*, when they were obliged to meet Mr. *Pettish* at Dinner.

As soon as the Cloth was taken away, a Servant gave them Notice of the Arrival of Mr. *Query*, whose Chariot, just at that Instant, stopped at the Gate: This Piece of Intelligence discomposed the old Gentleman not a little: He was excessively chagrined at it, and cried out, with a peevish Accent, I will not see him: What does the old Fool want now? Have I not told him my Mind? —When? cried Mrs. *Easy*. Prithce Mr. *Pettish* don't give Way to these strange Humours, but receive Mr. *Query* as your Friend and Neighbour: I am sure you have no Reason to treat him otherwise.—What-a-dickens, said the old Gentleman, am I to be managed in my

own House after this Manner? Well, well, well, Things were not so when I was a young Fellow.—He had not Time to say another Word, before Mr. *Query* entered the Room.

He was a little, shrivelled, weezle-faced old Man, but mighty neatly dress'd, and in the modern Fashion, except in his Choice of a Perriwig, which was a long floating Bob, which rose in three lofty rows of Curls above his wrinkled Forehead. He accosted Mr. *Pettish* with, How do you do, Sir? And his Daughter, with, Your Servant, young Lady. He then bowed round, and said, I come to wait on you, Mr. *Pettish*, once more, on my Nephew's Account. Nay, you need not blush, young Lady; you have made a very compleat and worthy Conquest, I can assure you.—Sir, said Mr. *Pettish*, I have Nothing more to say to you; I have told you already that I shall dispose of my Girl elsewhere.—But why, Sir? said *Query*.—Look you, Mr. *Query*, said *Pettish*, I will not enter into Debates with you about it; she is my Daughter, and I may do what I will with my own Child, sure, without answering any impertinent Fellow, who
has

has a Fancy to question me.—But why impertinent Fellow? said *Query*, I don't understand that Word, I vow I don't understand it at all.

Miss *Pettish*, finding that the Conversation was not likely to be at an End speedily, chose rather to be absent than present; and therefore conducted *Emily* and Mrs. *Easy* into the Drawing-Room, and placed them close to the Wainscot. Here, said she, we may listen to their Disputations snugly.—I am sorry, said *Emily*, they should dispute on so interesting a Subject; a Subject which affects you so nearly.—O, cried she, they will make nothing of it, I warrant. I'll lay any Wager, that if they talk these five Hours, they will be just where they began. But, hush, continued she, my Papa softens a little.

You may understand me, Sir, if you please, said *Pettish*; I told you your Nephew shall not have my Daughter on the Terms first proposed.—But why, Sir? said *Query*.—Because, Sir, I don't approve of the Match, Sir; that's a sufficient Reason, I think.—But why, Sir? said *Query*, you once approved of it.—I did, Sir, said *Pettish*, but I can

do better for her now.—But why, Sir, can you do better for her?—Zounds, Sir, cried *Pettish* in a Rage, you are enough to make a Parson swear, and if I was a young Fellow, we should not part in whole Skins, let me tell you, Sir.—But why this Passion, Mr. *Pettish*? said he; you don't give yourself Time to consider that my Nephew is a worthy young Man, with a pretty Fortune, and a genteel Title; that he will inherit my Estate at my Death, and—Well, Sir, interrupted *Pettish*, what's all this Preamble to me? When I was a young Fellow, I had all these Advantages, and more, and yet I could not get a Woman with the Fortune my Girl will have.—But why? said *Query*.—O dear, O dear, O dear, said *Pettish*, what an everlasting Inquirer you are! Why, I'll tell you, Sir: Because I could not meet with Fathers, or Uncles, or Guardians, who wou'd suffer a Girl to take a Husband without a superior, or at least an equal Fortune.—But that is not our Case, said *Query*: My Nephew's Fortune is already superior to your Daughter's.—It may be so now, said *Pettish*, but it will not be equal when I die, except you leave him all that you are now possessed of,
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in Money, Lands, and Goods.—But why, said *Query*, must I be obliged to make that Promise?—Why, what a dickens, cried *Pettish*, do you think I will stand all Day, answering your Questions? Look you, Mr. *Query*, I hate to multiply Words: I have nothing more to add to what I have said already. If you will leave your Nephew every Thing at your Death, he shall have my Daughter: If you won't, he never shall: that's all.—But, why not? said *Query*, did you not promise he should, before I had the late Addition to my Estate, Mr. *Pettish*?—I don't deny it, said *Pettish*, but now I can make a better Bargain for her, Mr. *Query*. Adad I know what I am about; I have not forgot how I managed Matters when I was a young Fellow.—I don't know, said *Query*, what Sort of a young Fellow you was, but I am sure you are a damn'd positive old one now.—Ay, ay, said *Pettish*, no Matter for that; I will have my own Way, Mr. *Query*, let you and every Body else think as they will, and say what they please.—To be sure, said *Query*, if I did not greatly like the young Lady, and had not a very great Affection for my Nephew, I wou'dn't be con-

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quer'd.

quered thus. But why must I give up every Thing?—Because, said *Pettish*, I will not give up my Girl on any other Terms.—Well, said *Query*, send for the young Lady then, that I may tell her what a hard Bargain you have made for her; and then I will go home, and bid my Nephew prepare for his Wedding.—This Speech made *Pettish* call loudly for his Daughter, who instantly appeared with all her natural Graces, which were not a little heighten'd by the Pleasure she had receiv'd in hearing she shou'd be at last united to the Man for whom she had the greatest Esteem.

Query saluted her with a smiling Countenance, and said, I may now, Miss *Pettish*, take this Liberty, for I look on you as my Niece; but I will not deprive my Nephew a Moment of the Joy, which the News of our Reconciliation and Agreement will give him. I will send him, with your Permission, Mr. *Pettish*, to wait on the young Lady this Evening; and To-morrow I will attend you myself, and settle every Thing to their and our mutual Satisfaction.—Ay, ay, do so, do so, said *Pettish*, but remember that I must have this Promise under

under your Hand, Mr. *Query*.—But why? said *Query*, will you not take my Word?—No, Sir, said he, nor the Word of any Man in *Christendom*: If I had trusted merely to verbal Promises, when I was a young Fellow, I had not been as I am. No, no, I understand Trap better: No Tricks upon Travellers: old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff.—Well, well, said *Query*, you shall be satisfied To-morrow fully, since it must be so.—He then took Leave of Miss *Pettish*, whom Mrs. *Easy* and *Emily* soon afterwards congratulated on her approaching Happiness. She received their Congratulations with her accustom'd Vivacity, and reply'd laughing, Ay indeed, the Tables are turning apace: A little while ago, 'twas poor Sir *John*, and now, perhaps, it may be poor *Nancy*. Heigh ho! but I have given my Word, and must have him now you know. Lard, *Easy*, how did you feel when you was just going to be married? Very queer, I fancy. Well, after all, 'tis running a monstrous Risque.

In about six Weeks after these amicable Proceedings, between the two old Gentlemen, the Wedding was celebrated
with

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with a great deal of Festivity at *Myrtle-Hall*, at which Place Mrs. *Easy* staid, at Miss *Pettish's* earnest Request, till the first Hurry which it occasioned, was over: She then left them all happy and well pleased with each other.

Emily grew every Day more charm'd with the new Lady *Frankair*, who often told her she must never think of leaving her, except a good Match, or Something very advantageous offer'd; and made her several very genteel Presents, to enable her to appear with her in a proper Manner. Sir *John*, who soon found she was a great Favourite, desired her to accept of a very handsome gold Watch: And Mr. *Query*, who made several showy Presents to his Niece, gave her a few elegant Trifles to deck her Person with on that Occasion: Even old *Pettish* order'd his Daughter to give her ten Guineas, from him, to be laid out in Cloaths. *Emily*, therefore, as she had naturally a good Taste in Dress, and several personal Advantages, made a very striking Appearance.

The new-married Pair spent the Remainder of the Summer, partly at *Myrtle-Hall*,

tle-Hall, and partly at a Seat of Mr. *Query's*, and at the Beginning of the Winter came to a superb House in Town, which one of Sir *John's* Friends had taken care to secure for him, pleasantly situated and most fashionably furnished. *Emily* had a handsome Apartment in it to herself, and wanted Nothing that could make Life agreeable. She was extremely carefs'd by Lady *Frankair*, and treated with great Respect by Sir *John*, and all their Acquaintance.

Emily had frequent Opportunities of seeing Mrs. *Easy*, for whom she had the truest Esteem and Affection, and to whom she always acknowledged her Obligations for the Happiness she enjoyed in the *Frankair*-Family. That kind Friend had made the strictest Enquiry after *Hippocrene*, but to no Purpose: She could only learn that he had been at *Dublin*, but had left it a great While, deeply in Debt, and was gone, Nobody knew whither. This unsatisfactory Account of the Bard's Peregrinations, made them both uneasy. Mrs. *Easy* endeavoured to procure an advantageous Match for her Friend, without letting her

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her know she was so employed, but endeavoured in vain; for though she was both young and handsome, and received every where with as much Politeness as Lady *Frankair* herself, yet she was known to be only her Companion; and the Men of Fashion who were her Admirers, did not care to marry a Woman of neither Family nor Fortune. However, before the Winter was half over, a young Gentleman with a good Character, and not disagreeable in his Person, who had a very handsome Estate left him by a Cousin, was so well pleased with her, as to think of making her an Offer: But as all Men, except Sir *George*, were quite indifferent to her, she never behaved to Mr. *Clayton* (that was his Name) but with the utmost Coolness. *Clayton*, being a modest Man, interpreted this Coolness to his own Disadvantage; and having too much Pride not to be stung by a Repulse, spoke first to Sir *John*, with whom he was very intimate, about her Behaviour. Sir *John*, who thought his Lady would be highly pleased to have *Emily* make her Fortune, and not knowing that she had any particular Attachment, (for she had concealed that Secret even from Lady *Frankair*) seemed overjoy'd

overjoy'd at the Proposal, and told him her Reserve was entirely owing to her great Modesty, and launch'd out in her Praise so much, that Mr. *Clayton's* Inclination for her was considerably increased thereby. Sir *John* assured him of his good Offices, and accordingly flew to Lady *Frankair* with the News, who receiv'd it with all the Satisfaction imaginable.

Emily happen'd to be gone that Day to see Mrs. *Easy*, who was a little out of Order with a Cold, with whom she intended to stay till the Evening: Lady *Frankair*, therefore, not being able to rest till she had acquainted her with the Conquest she had made, ordered the Chariot to be got ready immediately, and hurried away to Mrs. *Easy's* Lodgings. When she arrived there, she found Mrs. *Easy* alone, who told her that *Emily* was just gone to speak with Mrs. *Coleman*, in her Parlour. Lady *Frankair* was not sorry that *Emily* was out of the Room, just at that Time, as she chose to have Mrs. *Easy's* Opinion first, who entirely approved of the Match. When *Emily* therefore return'd, they both congratulated her on her good Fortune;

tune; but she, being well acquainted with Lady *Frankair's* Vivacity, fancied she had invented a Story for her own Diverſion, and answered her accordingly. But when ſhe found that her Ladyſhip and Mrs. *Eaſy* were both in earneſt, and both deſirous to have her accept of Mr. *Clayton's* honourable and generous Offer, her Chearfulneſs vaniſhed in a Moment. She told her ſhe could not think of being married to a Man whom ſhe cou'd not love, and begg'd Lady *Frankair*, who was moſt eager for the Match, to forgive her for differing from her on ſo important an Occaſion.—I am extremely obliged to you, dear Lady *Frankair*, ſaid ſhe, for ſo kindly intereſting yourſelf in my Behalf, and for endeavouring to raiſe me to a higher Station in Life; but I muſt at the ſame Time beg Leave to aſſure your Ladyſhip, that if I accept of Mr. *Clayton's* Offer, I ſhall make both him and myſelf unhappy.—The Entrance of ſome Ladies to viſit Mrs. *Eaſy*, put a Stop to the Converſation, and Lady *Frankair* carried *Emily* Home with her in the Chariot.

While

While they were rolling along, Lady *Frankair* said, You have mortified me, *Emily*, excessively To-day, by refusing Mr. *Clayton* : I wou'd fain know what Objections you have to him : perhaps they may be removed. I have no Objection, said *Emily*, to *him* particularly, but I feel no Propensity to like him ; nor do I wish to change my Condition, except I am become troublesome to your Ladyship.—My dear *Emily*, said Lady *Frankair*, how can you entertain such a Thought ? I shall never be able to part with you, without the greatest Reluctance ; but the sincere Regard I have for you, will not suffer me to be so selfish, as to gratify my own Inclination at the Expence of your Happiness. You may be assur'd, I never will permit you to leave me, unless you can better yourself by so doing : But as a State of Independence is certainly far preferable to any other, I think, I ought to urge you to aim at it, and to place you in it, if I am able.—But you know, dear Lady *Frankair*, replied *Emily*, that if it is a State of Misery, one wou'd not wish to embrace it.—You are right, said my Lady ; but I cannot see any thing so shocking in *Clayton*, I own, as
to

to make a Woman think of *him* and *Misery* at the same Time. He is a genteel, well-bred young Fellow, and I verily believe untainted with the fashionable Vices and Follies of the Age: From whence, then, can this Aversion to a Man who gives you the sincerest disinterested Proof of his Affection, arise? I cannot conceive why you dislike him, if you have not a particular Attachment to Somebody else. Indeed, *Emily*, I have often suspected you were in love, and that Blush (for *Emily's* Cheeks were deeply colour'd) does not tend to lessen my Suspicions.—Indeed, my Lady, said *Emily*, extremely confus'd, I have never encouraged any Man as a Lover, nor do I intend. — That's not a fair Answer, said my Lady, for you may have a Lover, and you may be in love, without thinking it proper to encourage either the Man or the Passion. If your Affections are improperly settled, you ought to conquer them, and endeavour to fix them on a worthier Object. There are fifty Reasons why a Girl in your Situation shou'd be desirous of settling herself. You may go into twenty Families where your Person may be a great Obstacle to your Happiness: I think, therefore,

therefore, that an advantageous Match (and the intended one may certainly be deemed so) is not to be disregarded: Had it not been an advantageous one, I shou'd not have propos'd it; and I have too great an Esteem for you, to recommend a Man for a Husband, who wou'd not, in my Opinion, make you a happy Wife. But I don't rely on my own Judgment in an Affair of so much Importance. I have consult'd Sir *John* and Mrs. *Easy*; who are both eager to forward this Match, because they think your Happiness will be thereby promoted.—I am very much oblig'd to Sir *John*, to Mrs. *Easy*, and more particularly to you, my Lady, said *Emily*, for your kind Wishes and Endeavours; but I am sure I cannot like Mr. *Clayton*: While I stay with you, I am sure of being happy, and therefore I hope you will suffer me to be in your Family.—Well, my Dear, said Lady *Frankair*, I won't persuade you to act contrary to your Inclination, nor will I, continued she, smiling, desire to know the real Cause of your Aversion to Mr. *Clayton*: But I wou'd advise you to reflect a little seriously, before you absolutely reject him.--*Emily* thank'd her for her friendly Behaviour, and endeavoured

deavoured to turn the Conversation from a Subject on which she could not dwell without great Anxiety.

The next Day *Emily* went to her Friend Mrs. *Easy* again, and told her what had passed in the Chariot between her and Lady *Frankair*; and concluded her little Narration with these Words: I never can think of being happy with any Man but Sir *George*; tho', if I had never seen him, Mr. *Clayton* is so indifferent to me, that I cannot think of being chained to him. I have no Notion of *Interested Marriages*, and am resolved never to encourage the Addressees of a Man whom I cannot love, in any Station in Life.—Mrs. *Easy*, though she earnestly wished to see her well settled, could not help approving her uncommon Sentiments, and applauding her for refusing a Man of whom she could not entertain a favourable Opinion.

As for Mr. *Clayton*, he was quite chagrined at his Disappointment: He had entertained very high Notions of *Emily's* Merit, and was very fond of her; but as he could not obtain her, he thought
Absence

Absence might be the best Cure for his Passion, and therefore retired to his Estate in *Berkshire*.

In about a week after Mr. *Clayton* left *London*, *Emily* met with Sir *George* accidentally at the Play, to which she accompanied Lady *Frankair*: But he was so much altered in his Person, that she scarce knew him: He was so thin, so pale, and so dejected, that she could hardly refrain from Tears. He soon discovered her, and made her a very respectful Bow; she return'd the Compliment with a Curtsy, unperceived by Lady *Frankair*, who was talking to Sir *John* about some Company in another Part of the House. *Emily* was surpris'd, pleas'd, and griev'd at the unexpected Sight of a Man so dear to her, and could not help now and then stealing a Look at him; while *he*, regardless of every Thing else, seem'd quite lost in the Pleasure of gazing at *her*. They were in this Situation, when a great Clatter at the Box Door, behind *Emily*, was occasioned by the Entrance of two Ladies, who were dress'd, or rather undress'd, in the very Extremity

mity of the modern Mode *; for their Petic coats were immoderately short, and their Bosoms bare to their Shoulders. Their Hair was cropt to their Ears, and just on the Crown of each Head was fixed a Parcel of motly Shreds, before which the one wore a sparkling Bunch of Diamonds, and the other had a large semicircular scarlet Feather glued down to her Forehead. Their Hoops were immense, their Muffs almost as large as themselves, and each of them had on her Arm, a rich Satin *Polonese*, trimm'd with Sable. After they had stepp'd over two or three Benches with so much Dexterity as to shew their Garters, and flounced their Hoops in the Faces of all who stood near them, they began to sit down, and wriggle themselves into Order. The first striking Object their Eyes encounter'd was Sir *George*.—O Gad, Miss *Glare*, said one of them, let me die if there is not Sir *George Freelove* come abroad for the first Time after his long Illness; well, I swear he is vastly altered.—La, do you think so, Lady

* The Dress here described was that worn by the Ladies in the Year 1755.

Bab? cried the other; now I vow I think he looks mighty well, but I always thought he was a sweet pretty Man.—Ay, so did I, said Lady *Bab*. Let me die if I don't pity him.—Pity him! said the other, pity a Man of his Fortune! what shou'd you pity him for? Nobody sure who has such a fine Estate can want your Pity.—La, Child, said Lady *Bab*, you are vastly out; why if there is any Truth in Town-talk, he is the most unhappy Creature breathing.—O don't tell me so, said Miss *Glare*, for I will never believe it. What can make such a charming young Fellow as *he* unhappy?—Why, Child, said Lady *Bab*, I find you know nothing of the Matter: But I can tell you 'tis whisper'd that he is in Love, and has been refused: I heard it at Lady *Sliptongue*'s Rout, last Night; but 'tis a monstrous Secret, I have only told it to Lady *Betty Blab*, and Miss *Tattle*, and they assure me, upon their Words and Honours, that they will never mention a Syllable of it to any living Soul.—In Love! cried Miss *Glare*, and refused! What, was it with an Angel? for no Woman breathing sure could ever resist such a *Person* and such a *Fortune*.—No, no, Child, said Lady

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Bab, they say he fell in love with a mere Girl, who waited on his Aunt, a poor, raw, ignorant Wretch, and most monstrously ugly too.—Well, you astonish me, Lady *Bab*, said Miss *Glare*: Let me die if I am not almost stupified with Amazement—The Thing must certainly be out of her Senses; though I swear 'tis vastly lucky for Sir *George*.—Lucky! cried Lady *Bab*, why ay, he never would have been able to show his Face after such a preposterous Action. Well, surely, there is Nothing in the World so ridiculous as for People to marry beneath themselves.—What, you mean, said Miss *Glare*, when they marry low, unpolish'd Creatures of no Birth, who have never seen the World? now, to be sure, that makes a Man very contemptible: But when he falls in love with a Woman of Family and Beauty, though with an inferior Fortune, No-body blames him: And indeed if that was not the Case sometimes, nay, very often, what would become of all the fine Girls with small Fortunes?—Fall in love, Child? said Lady *Bab*, what, do you expect all the Girls about Town with Nothing to be fallen in love with, as you call it? 'Tis a pre-

preposterous Supposition; because two or three have married pretty well lately, every Woman, who is not quite a Monster of Ugliness, thinks she must be fallen in love with—Ridiculous!—Why, what other Inducement, pray, said Miss *Glare*, can there be for taking a Woman with nothing but Love?—Vanity, Vanity, Child, said Lady *Bab*, for I'll engage the Passion for her Person is over before the first Week's at an End. Some Men like to have it said, that they married the finest Woman in *England*. What do you think they desire their Wives to paint for, but out of Vanity? There is Lady *Lake*, you know, appears with a new Complexion every Night, and I am well assured she did it at first by my Lord's Order.—Well, I shou'dn't care what was his Motive, said Miss *Glare*, provided I could get a Man with a large Fortune and a Title: And if he chose I should paint an Inch thick, I shou'dn't make the least Objection: Give *me* the *Money*, and the Devil may have the *Man*.—O Miss *Glare*, Miss *Glare*, said Lady *Bab*, not such a Man as Sir *George*? Could you bear the cool Indifference of such a charming Fellow as *Freelove*, with so

F 2

much

much Composure?—Why then I find, my Lady, said Miss *Glare*, you have some Notion of a Woman's being in love, though you won't allow that Men are.—Yes, and 'tis a certain Truth, said Lady *Bab*, that most Women, if not all, when married to a Man they like, wou'd, in all Probability, never desire to change, if the Man was to keep up the Fondness he first treated them with, nor wish for any other Pleasure than that of being beloved: But when the Man grows negligent, 'tis no Wonder if the Woman seeks for other Amusements: She is cross'd, perhaps, in her first and tenderest Inclination. A Disappointment of this Sort naturally sours the best of Tempers; she finds herself made wretched for Life, and, therefore, flies to any Thing to banish Thought and kill Time.—Well, but Lady *Bab*, cried Miss *Glare*, you believe Sir *George* to be really in love, tho' you say it is so uncommon a Thing; and then don't you suppose he wou'd behave in another Manner to the Woman he is now so fond of?—No, Child, said Lady *Bab*, he wou'd behave worse, for he wou'd not only have the usual Complaint to make, Satiety, but the whole Town wou'd be
upon

upon him: He wou'd be the Jest of all public Companies, and must hear the Sneers of all his private Acquaintance: This would infallibly disgust him, and he wou'd hate her with ten Times greater Violence than he had ever loved her.—Then I find, said Miss *Glare*, let it be which Way it will, a Woman stands no great Chance to be happy.—No, not with her Husband, Child, said Lady *Bab*; but if he is not a nasty frugal Wretch, and will allow her handsome Pin-money, and pay all her Play-debts; and when he is tir'd of her, will let any Body else have her, she may do pretty well.—Well then, said Miss *Glare*, let me die, if I should trouble myself about him. Indeed I never had any great Notion of Love; I always thought it wou'd be vastly clever if I cou'd settle myself to Advantage; and I can tell you, Lady *Bab*, I don't despair yet.—Why, indeed, my dear *Glare*, said Lady *Bab*, I don't know what to say to you: Rich Matches are not very easy to be got: Men grow tired of the excessive Expences of a married Life, and rather chuse to keep handsome Girls, whom they can turn off, when they can keep them no longer.—O Gad, Lady *Bab*,

cried Miss *Glare*, why I hope you don't think I shall never be married.—Indeed I don't know, Child, said Lady *Bab*, but in my Opinion you stand but an indifferent Chance: There are so many handsome Women, that they stand in one another's Way. I'll give you an Instance now of what you have to expect. You know *Di Forward* is reckoned a very pretty Thing, and has not been much known above a Year. I don't believe the Girl is sixteen. Well, she and I, my favourite *Jack Dimple* and Sir *Edward Freeman*, made a Party to the last Masquerade. As we were all in the Coach together, Sir *Edward* began to be very sweet upon *Di*; he pressed her Hand, and told her, she was quite a little *Venus*: Upon which she stared him full in the Face, and said, Lord Sir *Edward*, I wonder such a pretty young Fellow as you don't marry.—Why, I'll tell you the Reason, my Angel, said he: My Estate is not above eight hundred Pounds a Year, and therefore I can't marry a Woman with a Farthing less than thirty thousand Pounds: Now you know such Women are not to be met with every Day: Or, if one finds such a Prize, perhaps she is
as

as ugly as the Devil; so I live single. O Lard, cried she, how can you ever expect such a Fortune as that? Why, my dear Life, reply'd he, we can't possibly subsist under such a Sum. There must be separate Equipages, separate Apartments, and separate Purfes: And when all the necessary Articles are accounted for, there will not be enough left to buy Cheese and Onions.—Foh, cried Miss *Glare*, what a Wretch! But after all, Lady *Bab*, *Di* was pretty free to ask the Question.—Why it is an indelicate little Toad, that's the Truth, said Lady *Bab*, but I suppose she wants, like *you*, to be *settled*.—Nay, I swear I can't blame her, said Miss *Glare*, for rather than be an old Maid, I wou'd ask any Man the same Question, let me die if I wou'dn't; and it must come to that soon, for I can't stay much longer.—This last Speech of Miss *Glare*'s made Sir *John Frankair* (who had been listening to their whole Conversation, as he cou'dn't hear a Syllable of the Play) laugh heartily: The Noise he made, and the Entrance of two smart Officers of their Acquaintance, *bien poudrées, & richement Galonnées*, put a Stop to their Dialogue, which had given so much Diversion to

Emily's Company, and a good Deal of Uneasiness to herself, on Sir *George's* Account, who, seeing a great many Emotions in her Countenance, attributed them to his own unexpected Appearance before her. He wished earnestly to speak to her, and with that Intention follow'd her out, when the Play was over: But the Fear of offending her, got the better of the Desire he had to converse with her; so that he saw Sir *John* put her into his Coach, while he was close behind them, without being able to utter a Word. He only follow'd her with his Eyes, till the Coach was out of Sight.

As Sir *John* and his Lady had been so highly diverted with the Ladies behind them, they had taken little Notice of *Emily* all the Evening, nor did they perceive, when they first came home, any Change in her Disposition; but continued to talk over what they had heard, by which Means she had an Opportunity to conceal the Agitation which Sir *George's* Presence had occasion'd in her Mind. She found, by their Conversation, that Sir *George* had had a violent Fever, which confined him from the
Time

Time she left Mrs. *Languish*, till within a Week or two before that Night; that it was said to be occasioned by an Inclination for a young Person very much beneath him; that it had been sometimes intermitting, and sometimes on his Spirits; and that the Physicians had been much at a Loss to know what Medicines to prescribe. Sir *John* also mentioned that Lady *Caroline* had been married, about three Months, to a very rich, but avaricious old Man of Quality, who was, according to common Report, extremely jealous of her. As Sir *John* and my Lady knew nothing of *Emily's* Transactions in the *Freelove*-Family, nor of her particular Attachment to Sir *George*, they discoursed about them without any Reserve before her.

Emily retired to Rest with such agitated Spirits, that she could scarce close her Eyes all Night. She pleased herself with thinking that Sir *George* still loved her, but was heavily afflicted to think she had been the Cause of so obstinate an Illness. Why should I rejoice, said she, at knowing the Cause of his Uneasiness, when I must not, dare not

remove it? The Tattle of those insignificant Women plainly convinces me, how imprudently I shou'd have acted, and into how much Wretchedness I should have plunged both him and myself, if I had accepted of his generous Offer.—I must not even enjoy the innocent Pleasure of seeing him, tho' in Public.—We cannot see each other with Eyes of Indifference: The Recollection of past tender Scenes, whenever we meet, will fill our Hearts with unutterable Anguish.—Yet let me wish him Happiness. I think I could at this Time calmly resign him to another Woman, but she must be every Way worthy of him: She must have as true a Sense of his Merit as I have.

In this Manner did *Emily* pass a restless Night. The next Morning she went to Mrs. *Easy*, and told her every Thing which had happen'd. When she had finished her Narrative, she thus went on: I cou'd wish, notwithstanding the Pleasure I felt at the Sight of Sir *George*, never to behold him again: I cou'd be satisfied with hearing now and then that he was well and happy. His unshaken Constancy to such a Girl as I am, is very extra-

extraordinary. I don't pretend to have so little Self-love as not to be affected by his Behaviour: 'Tis better, therefore, I shou'd never see him.—Very true, my Dear, said Mrs. *Easy*, and if he shou'd write or come to me, I will tell him so: I have known of his Illness from the Beginning of it, and sent often to enquire after him; but did not chuse to tell you of it, because I thought you wou'd both suffer too much, by being acquainted with every Thing relating to each other.—Thanks, dear Madam, said *Emily*: How many anxious Moments have you spared me! You are indeed a real Friend, and my susceptible Heart, this Moment, overflows with Gratitude. I am only sorry I have been the Cause of a Breach between you and Mrs. *Freelove*.—No Sorrow on that Account, I beseech you, my Dear, said Mrs. *Easy*; so capricious a Woman is not worth a Moment's Regard. I have gain'd in you a deserving and agreeable Acquaintance, and have therefore lost nothing by the Exchange.

Emily, after this *rencontre* at the Playhouse, was always afraid of meeting with Sir George, wherever she went. For

tho' the Sight of him gave her Pleasure, that Pleasure was greatly allayed by the uneasy Reflections and Confusion which it at the same Time occasion'd. To these Fears of meeting with him, other Fears soon succeeded; for as she never saw him in any public Place, or private Visiting-Room, to which she accompanied Sir *John* and his Lady, she began to apprehend that she was no longer the Mistress of his Affections.

" Sorrow and Joy, in Love, alternate
 " reign;
 " Sweet is the Bliss, distracting is the
 " Pain."

Yet, notwithstanding all her Disquietude, she never suffered Curiosity to get the better of Prudence: For though she had no Reason to doubt but that Mrs. *Easy* cou'd give her Information about him, she discovered not the least Inclination to know where he was, how he did, or what he said.

As Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair* were both very fond of the Country, they sat out early in the Spring for a fine Seat they had in *Hertfordshire*, to which
Emily

Emily attended them. Mrs. *Easy* was also pressingly invited; but she was obliged to decline the Invitation, because she had been pre-engaged by another Family for a Month or two. *Emily* therefore took an affectionate Farewel of her, and left the Town at the same Time.

When the *Frankairs* had been about six Weeks at their *Villa*, agreeably employed in paying and receiving neighbourly Visits, Sir *John* came in one Day from a Ride, and told his Lady, that he had commenced an Acquaintance with a sensible, well-bred Gentleman, an Officer, who had bought a House about a Mile off, and that he had invited him to spend the next Day with him. Colonel *Melville*, said he, is a very amiable Man; I met him this Morning at Dr. *Green's*: He was so obliging as to desire my Company at his House, when the Workmen had left it fit to receive his Friends. I thanked him for his Politeness, and desired him not to deprive me of the Pleasure of his Company till that Time, but to come and see us first. He readily complied with my Request,
and

and promised to be with me Tomorrow.

Emily, who was in the Room when *Sir John* thus addressed his Lady, started at the Name of *Melville*. It brought her unhappy Mother to her Mind, and all the shocking Circumstances which attended her Death. But these gloomy Ideas were banished for a While by a very chearful Letter, which she received soon after the Intrusion of them, from *Mrs. Easy*. They return'd, however, with double Force the next Day at Sight of the *Colonel*.

Colonel Melville was a handsome, well-made Man, about two or three and forty. *Sir John*, after the Family Salutations were over, presented *Emily* to him, as a young Lady for whom his Wife had a particular Esteem: When he approached to salute her, she trembled from Head to Foot, and turned as pale as Death. Lady *Frankair* saw her Confusion; but not knowing what to attribute it to, took no Notice of it then, for fear of increasing it. The *Colonel*, who had a very polite and pleasing Behaviour, soon made himself as agreeable to Lady *Frankair*,

Frankair, as he had made himself to Sir *John*, and paid a thousand little Civilities to *Emily*, whom he every now and then regarded with a rooted Attention.

As soon as the *Colonel* left them in the Evening, Lady *Frankair* began to rally *Emily* about the Confusion she discovered at first Sight of him, and told her she believed they had both made an Impression on each other. *Emily*, who was wholly taken up in *thinking* indeed of the *Colonel*, but not in a Manner Lady *Frankair* imagined, said, with a Blush, Your Ladyship has a much higher Opinion of me than I deserve; I cannot expect to make so considerable a Conquest.

This Answer threw Lady *Frankair* into a violent Fit of Laughing. Why, my dear *Emily*, said she, thou art quite gone indeed: Would you now really refuse him, if he made you an Offer?—As I can never suppose any such Thing, Madam, said *Emily*, I can't tell in what Manner I should act.—Well then, said Lady *Frankair*, I shall never be surprized at any Thing again. To be sure the *Colonel* is a genteel, agreeable Man,
but

but he is old enough to be your Father. This Speech quite disconcerted poor *Emily* again: She had, from the first Mention of his Name, believed him to be her Father, and the Sight of him tended to strengthen her Suspicions: She therefore made little or no Answer, but soon quitted the Room, and left Lady *Frankair* thoroughly convinced that she had taken a prodigious Fancy to the *Colonel*.

Emily, as soon as she had shut herself up in her own Apartment, gave way to a thousand tormenting Reflections. If I am right, said she, in my Conjectures, and happy enough to find a Parent at last, how can I be sure that he will receive me as his Child? Nay, how can I *prove* myself to be his Child? My Mother and Mrs. *Dawson* are both dead, and I have not the least Trifle in my Possession by which I can ascertain my Alliance to him: Or, if I cou'd thoroughly convince him that I am his Daughter, perhaps he may reject me with Contempt, as I must, by discovering my Birth, discover also an Affair which he would never wish to have brought to Light; nor am I certain he
is

is so nearly related to me, since there are many Persons of the same Name.—Yet his Age, his Profession, and a Something still more interesting in his Looks and Behaviour, give me the Reason to believe that I am not mistaken.—All Night did she ruminate on this new Adventure, and wish to see Mrs. *Easy*, that she might advise with her how to act on so critical an Occasion. But as her Friend was at a great Distance from her, and as she did not chuse to trust so important a Secret by the Post, she determined to appear as composed as she cou'd, and to seek all Opportunities of finding out every Particular relating to a Man whom she wish'd to call by the endearing Name of Father. Perhaps, said she, I may yet be deceived: He may at last only be my Uncle, or distantly related to the Author of my Being.—If that should be the Case, he will certainly be shock'd to find such a poor unfortunate Girl as myself.

In a short Time after his first Visit, the *Colonel* became very intimate with Sir *John Frankair's* Family, and soon distinguished *Emily* by a very remarkable Behaviour, which Sir *John* and his Lady construed

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construed into Love : And from *Emily's* Manner of receiving, and returning his Civilities to her, they were in Hopes of seeing her soon settled entirely to her Satisfaction. And when they found she was really delighted with every Thing the Colonel said to her, they forbore to rally her about him. Lady *Frankair*, indeed, who always corresponded with Mrs. *Easy*, had told her she might shortly expect to hear that *Emily* was on the Point of changing her Name to *Melville* : But as Mrs. *Easy* had heard nothing about such a Transaction from *Emily* herself, she only look'd upon Lady *Frankair's* Intelligence as a Piece of Jocularity, and treated it accordingly.

Emily, in the mean Time, was as inquisitive as she could be with Decency, concerning the *Colonel's* Family and Fortune ; and the first Accounts she received of them gave her Heart Ease ; for she knew he was the younger Brother of a good Family in *Scotland* : But when her Intelligencers added, that he had an elder Brother living, Sir *David Melville*, she was at a Loss to know how he came to the Enjoyment of his Fortune, as both her Mother and Mrs. *Darwson* had told

told her he had nothing but his Military Pay, which cou'd not, she thought, have enabled him to live genteely, and to buy the large Estate he had in Sir *John's* Neighbourhood.

She kept all these Conjectures, however, to herself, and only tried to render herself more and more agreeable to the *Colonel*: And her Endeavours to please him had so good an Effect, that in a very short Time he was seldom out of her Company. He sat whole Hours listening to the Music of her Voice and her Harpsichord, and was enchanted with her Conversation. Yet, notwithstanding all his Fondness, he treated her with great Respect; and though a Soldier, and consequently a Man of Gallantry, he never offered to take the least Liberty, not even a Squeeze of the Hand. Sir *John* and his Lady both pleased themselves with observing the Fondness he discovered for *Emily*, because they imagined she herself was not averse to it; but wonder'd he did not make a Discovery of his Inclinations in the most positive Terms, that she might have no Reason to doubt the Sincerity or Honourableness of them: And, to give him all
Opportu-

Opportunities of coming to a Declaration of Love, left them frequently by themselves. These private Interviews *Emily* was always fond of, because she longed to know absolutely whether he was actually her Father. She often attempted to ask home Questions, but had not Courage to bring them out: The Fears of not being kindly received in case of a Discovery, or of discovering herself to a Man who was no Way related to her, made her pause, and deterred her from trying to come at the *Eclaircissement* she earnestly wanted. One Morning, however, when they were alone in Sir *John's* Study, she determined to get the better of her Fears, and ask him boldly, if he had ever been acquainted with Mr. R——'s Family in *Lancashire*; but the *Colonel* happened to be that Morning so unusually pensive, and seemed so little desirous of conversing, that she cou'd not muster up Courage enough to vent the Secret with which her gentle Bosom heav'd. For several Minutes they sat profoundly silent, he looking at her with an Air of excessive Tenderness, and she ruminating on the Method she should take to execute her Design: But as his uncommon

Silence

Silence and Reserve had somewhat intimidated her, there was a Perplexity visible in her Countenance, which the *Colonel* regarded as a favourable Omen. He had not the slightest Suspicion that she was related to him, but really wished to make her so, and therefore said, after some Hesitation, Miss *Willis*, I have, from the first Moment I beheld you, entertained an uncommon Regard for you; and have earnestly wished to inspire you with Sentiments in my Favour: Many Persons, in my Situation with you, would be led to imagine, from the continual Good-humour and Complacency with which you have treated me, they had succeeded; but I cannot so far flatter myself: I have the highest Idea of your Merit, and for that Reason, perhaps, am more diffident: Give me Leave, however, to ask you a few serious Questions. Do you think you can ever view *me* in the same Light as I behold *you*? Cou'd you be contented to pass your Life with a Man who has the truest Esteem for you; who sees and admires all your Perfections, and who wishes sincerely to contribute to your future Happiness? I am very sensible of the Inequality between us, with respect to
Age;

Age; and have, hitherto, by reflecting on that Inequality, been deterr'd from communicating my Sentiments before: But I am inclined to hope, that a Woman of your excellent Understanding, will have no Objection to such a Disproportion, because the firmest, the tenderest, and the sincerest Friendships very often subsist between Persons who have not lived an equal Number of Years in the World: And Friendship, between such Persons of different Sexes, generally ripens into Love, if the Heart has no Pre-engagement. Tell me therefore, freely, Miss *Willis*, your Opinion of me. If you make a Declaration against me, I will submit to my Lot without murmuring, but not without secretly repining at it, since you have it in your Power to make me the happiest of Men.

Emily was so thunder-struck at this unexpected Speech, that she was for some Moments motionless and mute: She endeavoured, however, to recollect herself as soon as she could, and as she perceived the *Colonel* was impatient for a Reply, said, with great Earnestness, Are you, Sir, acquainted with the Secret

cret of my Birth? Do you know to what an unhappy Creature, in that respect, you have addressed yourself?—No, Madam, said the *Colonel*, I only know you as the Friend of Lady *Frank-air*; but know enough of you to desire to make you mine for ever.—Then, Sir, said *Emily*, I must disclose a Secret to you.—I am the Natural Daughter of Miss *R*——, of *Lancashire*, and my Father's Name was *Melville*.—The Daughter of Miss *R*——! Good God! cried the *Colonel*, from what a Precipice have I escaped? Are you, can you be my Child, the Daughter of my *Harriot*? Oh speak, speak, I conjure you, and keep me not a Moment in Suspence: Are you my *Harriot*'s Child?—All I can tell you, Sir, said *Emily*, is, that my Mother's Name was *Harriot R*——, and that I was committed to the Care of one Mrs. *Dawson*, almost twenty Years ago, who had been my Mother's Nurse, and married my Grandfather's Steward.—It is enough, said he, I am satisfied: You are my Child, indeed.—He then clasped her in his Arms, and cried, O my dear, dear Daughter, how completely happy am I, in finding you after such a Number of Years! When I first
saw

saw you, I felt strange Emotions which I could not describe: I was greatly prepossessed in your Favour; but little, little did I think, I was so nearly related to you.—What a glorious Treasure have I discovered! What a rich Jewel!—O my Child, my Child, my dearest Child, tell me, for I long to know, tell me in what Manner you have lived all this While. Was your Mother kind to you? I hear she has been dead above a Year. Does Lady *Frankair* know your Story?—No, my dear Father, said *Emily*, nor can I compose myself at present to inform you of it, so much am I affected with the transporting Pleasure of finding so kind, so tender, so valuable a Parent.—Take Time, my dear Girl, said he, I wou'd not hurry you too much, yet I am impatient to ask a thousand Questions.—*Emily* paused several Moments before she could enter upon so interesting a Narration; at length she armed herself with Resolution to tell her pathetic Tale, for fear she should be interrupted by some of the Family. She informed her Father of every Thing that had happened to her. He listened to her with all the Attention of a fond Parent, but could not help now and then
stop-

stopping her, to express his Contempt of *Hippocrene's* Treatment of her; his Dislike to Mrs. *Freelove's* Conduct, and his Approbation of Mrs. *Easy's* Behaviour: He also very much applauded her for conducting herself so prudently with regard to Sir *George*. When she mention'd the Interviews she had with her Mother, and the deplorable Way she was in, she could scarce express herself articulately, nor could he refrain from bursting out into the most melting Lamentations.—My poor, unfortunate *Harriot*, cried he, (while from his manly Eyes the Tears of Pity flowed) did she repent of not having yielded to my earnestly repeated Entreaties to be mine, by the strictest Ties of Honour and of Love? But go on, my Child, I will not interrupt you: I lov'd your Mother fondly, and I cannot hear of her distressful Condition without the most agonizing Grief.—*Emily* then finished her Narration, by telling him of Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair's* Kindnesses to her. —Thank Heaven, my *Emily*, said he, thank Heaven, for preserving you amidst so many Dangers and Difficulties! But where is that good, that generous Creature, that sincere Friend? Where is Mrs.

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Easy? May I not pay my Thanks to that best of Women, for her Care of my dearest and most amiable Child? Had it not been for her, to what numberless Distresses might not my dear Girl have been reduced! But wipe away your Tears, my Daughter, you shall no longer have Cause to weep. I have enough to make you happy with your deserving Lover, if he still retains the Regard he professed for you. And now, *Emily*, let me in Return, claim your Attention, while I relate, in as concise a Manner as I can, every Thing that has happened to me, since my first Acquaintance with your unfortunate Mother.— I loved her, my *Emily*, with the most passionate Fondness, and call Heaven to witness, that I wish'd to possess her from the most disinterested Motives. It was her Person and her Mind, not her large Fortune, which lured me to admire and to esteem her. I endeavoured to persuade her to marry me, believing that her Father, when he found there was no Remedy, would be reconciled. But I could not prevail on her to grant my Request: She refused to listen to me, and at last forbade me even to write to her. I persisted, however, to urge her, by the
 most

most affectionate Intreaties, to comply with my Desires, but to no Purpose. She was inexorable to all I said. My Regiment being soon afterwards ordered to *Ireland*, I embark'd at *Park-Gate*, with the Anxiety of a Man who is torn from all he holds dear, though convinced, at the same Time, that his Passion is not return'd. There I spent three Years, and endeavoured, by every Method I could devise, to banish the Image of my *Harriot* from my Mind: But, alas! my Endeavours were fruitless. At the Expiration of the third Year I returned to *England*, where the first News I heard was, that Miss *R*—— was on the Point of being married to Sir *Harry Coverly*. I could not, even then, after so long an Absence, bear to think of her being another's, and made several Efforts to see her privately; but all those Efforts were baffled. She was obstinately determined to sacrifice Love to Ambition, nor could I get any Intelligence from Mrs. *Dawson*, but that she had lain-in of a Daughter, whom she refused to let me see, for fear I should be tempted to disturb her Peace and break off the Match. I cannot say I greatly pressed to see the Child, when the Mother, I

G 2

found,

found, was resolved to give me up. *England* grew hateful to me, and the Moment I heard that the Marriage was solemnized, I eagerly embraced an Opportunity of going to *Minorca*, at which Place I resided till about nine Months ago. While I was there I had it in my Power to be very serviceable to a *Spaniard*, called *Don Pedro Torzi*, for whom I had a great Esteem. Our Dispositions were so much alike, that we lived together with the utmost Harmony. He died about two Years after my Arrival there, and left the greatest Part of his Fortune to me. By the Help of his Legacy and a *Colonel's* Pay, to the Rank of which I was soon afterwards promoted, I was enabled to save, in a few Years, a genteel Fortune. About nine Months since I fold out, and return'd to my native Land, in order to enjoy it in Peace and Quietness. The Remembrance of my *Harriot*, and the Possibility of her being one Day a Widow, prevented me from entering into any Engagements with your Sex while I was abroad. I own I was excessively shock'd to hear, on my Arrival at *Portsmouth*, that she had not long been dead. I enquired for Mrs. *Dawson*, and was told she

she also was dead. I asked after a Child she had entrusted to her Care, but could get no Information concerning it; I therefore concluded it had met with its Mother's Fate. After all my fruitless Enquiries, I determin'd to purchase an Estate, and settle upon it. How fortunate was I to pitch upon one in this Part of this County! And how supremely happy am I, in finding such a Child to share it with me! When I first saw you, there was something in your Countenance and Behaviour which struck me: And I fancied, from the Pleasure you seem'd to take in my Company, that I could not be very disagreeable to you; and I thought such a Companion as yourself would be a great Addition to my Happiness. I was therefore soon induc'd to make the Proposal which has occasioned so important and so interesting a Discovery. Be then, my dearest Child, no longer in a State of Anxiety; you have at last found a Father who will glory in owning so deserving a Daughter, and who can give you such a Fortune, that Sir *George's* Family will no longer think you unworthy of an Alliance with them. As soon as you can decently leave Lady *Frankair*, I will take you to my

G 3

House:

House: I shall write this Evening to your Uncle Sir *David Melville*, who is lately come from *Scotland*, to desire his Company in these Parts, that I may present a Niece to him whom he little thinks of.—*Emily* thank'd her Father, with Tears of Joy, for his favourable Reception of her, and went with him to look for Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair*, whom they found sitting in a Temple at the Bottom of the Garden. When they saw the *Colonel* and *Emily* advancing towards them Hand in Hand, they could not help smiling to think how well their Plot had succeeded. But how great was their Astonishment, when, upon a nearer Approach, the *Colonel*, in Accents scarce intelligible, only cry'd out, My Daughter, Sir *John*! while *Emily* ran to Lady *Frankair*, threw her Arms round her Waist, and wept aloud upon her Neck. It was some Time before the Knight and his Lady could ask for an Explanation of this moving Scene, and before the *Colonel* and his Daughter could give it: After a Disclosure of the Mystery, the *Colonel* return'd his hospitable Friends many Thanks for their Civilities to his dear Child; but could not be thoroughly at Rest, he said, till he had seen
Mrs.

Mrs. *Easy*, whom he justly call'd his Child's Preserver. *Emily*, therefore, wrote a long and affecting Letter to her, with an earnest Invitation to spend a few Weeks at the *Colonel's* Seat, to which, she told her, she was making Preparations to remove. She also inclosed a Letter, full of Acknowledgements to her, from her Father.

When the Day appointed for *Emily's* Departure came, Lady *Frankair* was very sorry, though she sincerely rejoiced at her good Fortune, because she loved and esteemed her; and made her promise to visit her as often as she was at Leisure.

END of the FIFTH BOOK.



EMILY WILLIS:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF A
NATURAL DAUGHTER.

BOOK VI.

EMILY was very soon settled in her Father's House, which was every Way pleasant and convenient, and began to think herself supremely happy. Her Father treated her with the greatest Indulgence, and for several Days took a Pleasure in hearing the many various Scenes she had met with, and the Difficulties she had surmounted, repeated. He often broke out into Raptures of Applause,

Applause, at the Propriety of her Conduct, and often poured out his grateful Thanks to Heaven, for enduing her with so much Wisdom and Goodness; and so thoroughly fond was he of his amiable Child, that he immediately made a Will, and left every Thing he was possess'd of to her, for fear she might again be plung'd into Distress, if he died suddenly: He also desired Sir *John* to be his Executor, if he died before she was of Age. After this Precaution, he began to be impatient for an Answer to the Letter he had sent to his Brother, Sir *David*; which Letter was by no Means welcome to that Family: For tho' Sir *David* was possessed of a very good Estate, and only two Daughters, and never had the least Expectations from the *Colonel*, till his last Arrival in *England*; his Lady, who was of a very high Spirit, tho' she had a small Fortune, had infus'd Notions into the young Ladies Heads, about inheriting their Uncle's Estate, which were not easily to be eradicated. This Letter, therefore, which gave them Notice that he had found a Daughter, and which contain'd a great many Expressions in the Daughter's Favour, left them no Room to doubt,

doubt, but that all their Hopes were blasted; and occasioned the following Conversation between the two young Ladies and their Mamma, who entered their Apartment with the *Colonel's* Letter in her Hand.

So Girls, said she, here's a fine Affair! Your Uncle, it seems, has pick'd up a Bastard, and, I suppose, he has settled all his Fortune on her; therefore he will leave nothing to you, you may be sure. You may set your Hearts at Rest about it.—O Lud! Mamma, a Bastard? said Miss *Melville*, sure it can't be, my Uncle wou'd never make himself look so little, as to own such a Thing.—O dear, said Miss *Jenny*, what a Shame it will be to us!—Aye, said my Lady, it will bring a pretty Scandal on the Family indeed; and so I've been telling Sir *David*, who wants us to go and see her.—See her indeed! said *Jenny*, I say see her! No, my Lady, I hope you will never consent to that; I dare say she's an impudent Thing, and not fit to keep us Company.—No Child, said my Lady, I hope I have given you a better Education than to make you Company for such Wretches: But your Father's a Fool,

and wants to make one of me, or he wou'd never pretend to say that it isn't the Girl's Fault, and that she may be very modest and innocent, and a Parcel of Nonsense and Stuff: Mighty modest and innocent indeed, and come of such a Stock ! But 'tis so like all Men, to take the Part of their own Family, tho' they are ever so much in the wrong ! I swear, I believe, if your Uncle was to commit a Murder, and I think Fornication is not much better, your Father would certainly defend it.—Why, to be sure, Mamma, said Miss *Melville*, who was of a more dove-like Disposition than her Mother and Sister, the young Lady can't help her being illegally begotten: She is not to be blamed for the Faults of her Parents.—Young Lady? said Lady *Melville*, I say young Lady! when her Mother, no Doubt, was a Soldier's Trull; a Retailer of Gin, or was Tire-woman to the Regiment, and perhaps all three. But you're a Fool, and talk just like your Father.—Foh ! said Miss *Jenny*, do you think I can ever be brought to sit by such a Creature? But indeed, my Sister had always strange low Notions; but I hope I shall always have Pride enough to keep me from
 doing

doing little mean nasty Things.—I cannot think there is any Meanness, Sister, said Miss *Melville*, in vindicating Innocence and encouraging Merit wherever they are to be found. My Uncle's Child ought not, certainly, to be an Object of Contempt, and look'd upon in an infamous Light, because her Father and Mother were not married. We should consider, that her Case might have been, perhaps, ours.

Your Case? your Case? said Lady *Melville*; wou'd you insinuate, Miss, that your Mother would play the Whore, or that your Father has a Nest of Bastards? O you abominable Girl, thus to defame a Family, that was of all Families in the World the most unspotted, till your Father's Brother acted so scandalously. *Your Case?* Go, go, Miss, troop to your Father, you are not fit Company for me, and your Sister *Jenny*. But pray consider, *you Madam Consideration*, that all your Hopes of being a great Fortune are over, and that this young *Lady*, as you call her, will have all Colonel *Melville's* Riches. I am ashamed to call him your *Uncle*, he is such a Disgrace to us. Nay, perhaps, after all, the Hussy is no Relation

lation to him: But some gay Wench he has taken a Fancy to in his old Age, and so calls her his Daughter, to impose upon People, and avoid Scandal; but I'll not go near them, I'm determin'd. —Then *I* will, said Sir *David*, (who just then enter'd the Room, after having overheard a great Part of his Lady's Discourse.) What the Devil do you mean, my Lady, by talking in this Manner to your Children? Have you a Mind to turn their Heads? I have enquir'd after my Niece, and heard a very good Character of her: She is the Daughter of a Woman of Family, and has always behaved herself irreproachably; therefore I insist on your preparing to pay your Compliments to my Brother and her, next Week at farthest: If you any longer refuse to comply, I will go down with *Peggy*, who is a good Girl, and tell the whole Country how ridiculous you make yourself.

As Sir *David* was generally very peremptory, my Lady thought proper to grow more gentle; however, she wou'd not entirely give up the Subject. —Why sure, Sir *David*, said she, I am not a Child in Leading-strings to be manag'd
just

just as you please.—Nor am *I*, Madam, said he, to be govern'd by you, as I take it. What signifies your telling the Girls that their Uncle will leave them nothing? They ought never to have expected to share his Fortune: 'Tis but lately he has had any Thing to leave, and if he had not found his Child, he might have left it to a Stranger, for aught we know. I have Money enough for you and the Girls both, if you will but be easy: Therefore I say, prepare for your Journey. But, because my Daughter has endeavour'd to vindicate her new Cousin, I will make her a Present of twenty Guineas, that she may make a handsome Appearance in the Country, and compliment her Uncle with some new Cloaths: And now you see what you have got by your Passion and Pride, my Lady. He then took Miss *Melville* away with him, and left his Lady in a high Mist, repeating with great Emphasis, *Cousin* and *Niece* indeed!—The mention of the twenty Guineas had such an Effect on Miss *Jenny*, that she blubbered, and cried with Vexation at the Thought of her Sister being to be finer dress'd than herself. Nay, my Lady was so far humbled, that
at

at Dinner she said, If I had a proper travelling Dress, I shou'd not be against going to see the *Colonel*, but I can't bear to appear in my nasty old fashion'd Jacket. Sir *David* heard her repeat these Words several Times before he thought proper to tell her, that neither she, nor his Daughter *Jenny*, shou'd want any Thing becoming, if they wou'd behave as they ought to do. All Parties were then reconcil'd, and thought of nothing but of making a Figure in *Hertfordshire*.

While this Family were preparing to behave to *Emily* as their Relation, she receiv'd the following Letter from Sir *George*:

“ To Miss MELVILE.

“ M A D A M,

“ I Have hitherto punish'd myself by
 “ not writing to you, because I paid
 “ too great Regard to your Commands,
 “ to disobey them: Tho' I have wished,
 “ a thousand and a thousand Times, that
 “ you had not forbidden me to corres-
 “ pond

“ pond with you. But now, when
“ every Body is congratulating you on
“ your happy Change of Fortune, how
“ can *I*, who more sincerely rejoice at
“ your Happiness than any Body, be
“ silent? I now flatter myself that the
“ great Obstacle to our Union is in some
“ Measure removed: You are the ac-
“ knowledg’d Daughter of a Man of
“ Family, Character, and Fortune;
“ and therefore the greatest Man in the
“ Kingdom need not be ashamed of
“ your Alliance. *I* was satisfied with
“ you before this Turn in your Affairs.
“ I wanted you not, my *Emily*, (suffer
“ me still to call you by that fond Name)
“ I wanted you not to be *raised* in any
“ Respect: Your agreeable Person, and
“ your amiable Mind were, I thought,
“ sufficient to make you receiv’d every
“ where with Respect, Admiration, and
“ Esteem. And nothing but the most
“ stupid Blindness to your uncommon
“ Perfections, cou’d have made my
“ Relations so unreasonably averse to
“ our Union: But now, even *they* can
“ have no Objection to it. Permit me,
“ therefore, my dearest *Emily*, once
“ more to offer my Fortune and my
“ Hand; my Heart has been yours ever
“ since

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“ since I knew you. I cou’d dwell for ever
“ on this delightful Subject, but my Im-
“ patience for an Answer will only per-
“ mit me to subscribe myself,

“ *Your most faithful and*

“ *Obedient Humble Servant,*

“ GEORGE FREELOVE.”

Emily was sitting with her Father when this Letter was brought to her. At Sight of the well-known Hand, she felt an Emotion which she cou’d not conceal, and which encreas’d on the Perusal of it. Her Father, who had observ’d her with Attention, said with a Smile, when she had read it, If one may judge by your Countenance, my Dear, that Letter is a very interesting one.—It is indeed, my dear Papa, said *Emily*, putting it into his Hand; and I must beg you wou’d advise me how to answer it.—And *I*, said he, looking at the Bottom of it, must beg to be excused. You know your own Heart, my dear *Emily*, continued he, and have hitherto acted with such uncommon Discretion,

cretion, that I will not interpose. *Emily* blush'd at her Father's Praises, and immediately drew up the following Answer.

“ *To Sir GEORGE FREELOVE, Bart.*

“ *S I R,*

“ **I** AM very much obliged to you for
“ your Congratulations on my great
“ Felicity, in finding the most worthy,
“ and most indulgent of Parents: A
“ Parent who makes it his whole Study
“ to gratify my every Wish. I also
“ think myself very happy in finding
“ that you have preserv'd a good Opi-
“ nion of me, notwithstanding the va-
“ rious Adventures I have met with.—
“ My Sentiments with regard to your
“ generous Offer are not alter'd: If
“ Mrs. *Freelove* and my *Father* have no
“ Objection to our Union, I am ready
“ to be yours for ever: If they don't
“ approve of it, I will remain as I am,
“ tho' I shall always most gratefully ac-
“ knowledge my Obligations to you for
“ thinking so favourably of me; but I
“ must insist on breaking off all Corres-
“ pondence

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“ pondence with you in that Case. This
“ Request, I am inclined to hope, you
“ will comply with, because it is ear-
“ nestly made by,

“ *Your much obliged,*

“ *Humble Servant,*

“ E. MELVILLE.”

This Letter she gave to her Father, who soon return'd it with an approving Smile. You cou'd not, my Dear, said he, have written a more proper one. How wonderfully your whole Behaviour pleases me! She then seal'd it, and gave it to Sir George's Servant, who waited; when she had made an Enquiry after *his* Health and Mrs. *Freelove's*;—My Master, Madam, said the Fellow, has gotten rid of his Fever, but is still very weak and low; and Mrs. *Freelove* is at the Earl of G——'s Seat in *Essex*, where she went some Time ago to visit her Niece, some Time since Lady *Caroline*, who (as the Reader has been already informed) was lately married to that old Nobleman.

Emily

Emily and her Father talked over Sir *George's* Letter the best Part of that Morning, and in the Afternoon went in the Chariot to see Lady *Frankair*, and to communicate the Intelligence they had received to her, as she had been acquainted with all the Proceedings between her Friend and the Baronet, from her own Mouth, since the Discovery of her Father. Lady *Frankair* was in high Spirits on the Occasion:—Be assured, *Emily*, said she, that you will very soon receive my Compliments as Lady *Free-love*; I am sure, in strict Justice, you ought to have him: The Man is a Mirror of Constancy and Truth: There is Nobody in the World can deserve you but Sir *George*: And suppose Mrs. *Free-love* should be proud and fantastical enough to refuse her Consent, what signifies a musty old Woman's Approbation? I wou'd never mind her. In this Manner did Lady *Frankair* try to rally *Emily* out of the Resolution she had made, never to have Sir *George*, but with the entire Approbation of his whole Family.

When *Emily* return'd Home, she found another Letter from her Lover.
She

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She was amazed at the Quickness of his Reply, as she believed him either in *Northamptonshire*, or at *London*. She immediately gave it to her Father, and begg'd he wou'd read it to her. The Contents were as follows:

“ *To Miss MELVILLE.*

“ I Return my lovely *Emily* a thousand Thanks for the Hopes she gives me of being one Day *mine*. I don't doubt but I shall prevail on Mrs. *Freelove*, not only to consent to the Alliance, but to *desire* it.—For this Purpose I shall set out early To-morrow Morning for *Essex*, tho' I expect her every Day at *Fairly-Manor*—
“ I cannot bear Suspence.

“ I am infinitely obliged to my *Emily* for speaking in my Behalf to the Colonel; for in my Behalf you must have spoken, or he never would have consented to my Proposal. Be assured, my dearest Love, that every Hour of my Life I will endeavour to promote your Happiness.—I can never
“ ver

“ ver do too much for so deserving a
“ Woman.

“ You are always uppermost in my
“ Thoughts.—I have a thousand tender
“ Things to say: but I am forced to
“ suppress them, because I am afraid of
“ hurting your Delicacy. When our
“ Hands as well as our Hearts are
“ united, I shall prattle Love to you
“ without Fear of offending.

“ Nobody but *you* can imagine how
“ much I long for the Moment which
“ will make me the happiest of Men.
“ Pray make my best Compliments to
“ the *Colonel*, and believe me to be

“ *Your most fond,*

“ *Your faithful Lover,*

“ *And most Humble Servant,*

“ GEORGE FREELOVE.”

The *Colonel* expressed much Satisfaction at Sir *George's* Eagerness, and said with a Smile, Indeed, my dear *Emily*, I shall be very sorry if you never come together.

together. *Emily* blush'd and sigh'd, and thereby convinced her Father, that she was of *his* Opinion. The next Day brought a welcome Letter to *Emily* from Mrs. *Easy*, wherein she rejoiced greatly at her good Fortune, and promised to be with her soon. She also wrote to the *Colonel*, to whom she said a great many handsome Things about his Daughter. The *Colonel* at the same Time received a Letter from Sir *David*, who inform'd him of his Intention to bring his Family to wait on him the next Day, and to stay with him till the *Monday* following. Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair*, having Notice of their coming, determined to be with the *Colonel* at the Time of their Arrival, in order to show *Emily* all possible Respect.

Sir *David* very heartily congratulated his Brother and his Niece on their happy Meeting, and declared that *Emily* was the finest Girl he had seen *this many a Day*. My Lady too was presently reconciled to her new Relation, when she found Lady *Frankair*, whom she looked upon as the Pink of Politeness, treated her with a great deal of Civility: And the young Ladies, particularly Miss
Melville,

Melville, were so well pleased with her engaging Behaviour, that they had a very good Opinion of her.

While these Things were transacting at the *Colonel's*, several of the neighbouring Ladies met at Dr. *Green's*, the Vicar of the Parish, in order to cabal about this remarkable Occurrence, and to consult whether it was proper for them to visit the *Colonel's* Daughter. The Doctor was a Man of Sense, Learning, and Virtue; but as he had, when he took Orders, like too many of the inferior Clergy, a small Income, and no great Expectations of Preferment, he was persuaded to accept of his present Lady, tho' she was of a mean Extraction, because she had powerful Relations. These Relations procured for him the Vicarage in Sir *John Frankair's* Neighbourhood. To see, or rather to hear this Gentlewoman, (for she often attracted the Attention of the female Part of the Parish as much, if not more, than her Husband) came the Miss *Spatters*, two young Ladies, each the wrong side of *Fifty*, whose Father, after having acquired a handsome Fortune by unhandsome Methods, bought an Estate in that County, and

left it between them at his Death. These two Maidens were never so happy as when they were listening to, or retailing, the Misfortunes of their Fellow-Creatures, and particularly the Indiscretions of their own Sex. The Voice of Scandal was Harmony to their Ears. After the first prim Salutations and formal Complimentings were over, Miss *Martha Spatter* began.

Pray Mrs. *Green*, have you been to visit your new Neighbour the *Colonel's* Daughter?—Yes, Madam, said Mrs. *Green*, I was there last Week.—O dear, and pray, cried they both, what Sort of a Person is she?—Why really very well, Madam, said Mrs. *Green*, if you mean as to her outward Form; a good pretty Sort of a Body.—Ay, indeed? said Miss *Spatter*; well, I shou'd like to see her; but I was ill last *Sunday*, when she came to Church.—Ay, and I cou'd not go out, said Miss *Martha*, I had such an ugly Corn, which twitch'd and twitch'd so, as it always does against wet Weather. I knew we should have Rain; I can always tell what Weather 'twill be by my Corn. I have taken particular Notice of it, and am never mistaken. But is she pretty, do you say? Can such
a Girl

a Girl be pretty? A Girl come from one knows not where, and from one knows not who? She had, perhaps, twenty Fathers, for any Thing we can tell to the contrary. I wonder how the *Colonel* came to find her: But 'tis a very blind Story, I think; I can make neither Head nor Tail of it.—No, no more can I, Madam, said Mrs. *Green*; but I suppose, Ladies, you intend to visit her, and then you will be able to judge better whether I have given a fair Account of her.—Visit her! O Lud! cried both, what, visit a Bastard that Nobody knows? How cou'd such a Thought enter into your Head? Nay, indeed, Mrs. *Green*, we have more Regard to our Character than that comes to, I can assure you. I can tell you, we have been in a hundred Minds about visiting Mrs. *Lightfame* again, since the Talk has been so much about Sir *Francis* and her.—O La, Madam, said the *Vicar's* Lady, I can tell you People say worse and worse of her: I have heard a very bad Story indeed, if it be true: But there are so many Lies going Abroad, that one can't tell what to believe: But to be sure, if what I heard is true, she is an undone Woman. Nobody, who has any No-

tion of Virtue, will ever keep her Company.—O dear, pray, good Mrs. *Green*, cried both, leaning eagerly forward in their Chairs, tell us what you have heard.—Why, Ladies, to be sure, said Mrs. *Green*, I heard she was catch'd in a Wood t'other Night, between Nine and Ten with him.—Was she actually? cried Miss *Martha*; but, dear Mrs. *Green*, what Night was it? Who found them together?—Was it Moonlight, Ma'am, said Miss *Spatter*?—O, yes, I believe so, said Mrs. *Green*, or they could not be seen, you know. Well, to be sure, there is no great Harm in taking an innocent Walk by Moonlight.—Ay, ay, said Miss *Martha*, but it was not Moonlight, for I am sure the Moon was in the last Quarter.—Are you sure of that, Sister? said the other, Pray let's see your Almanack.—I've unluckily left it at Home, my dear, said Miss *Martha*; but pray, Mrs. *Green*, who told you that great Piece of News?—Why, Ma'am, said she, I wanted a Trifle at Mrs. *Chat*'s Shop; for my Part I'm always wanting, but it was not much neither, 'twas only some Shirt-Buttons; but you know they must be had, as well as other Things, when one wants them: So, as
I was

I was telling you, Ladies, I went to Mrs. *Chat*. So, Mrs. *Chat*, says I, Good-morrow, how do you do? I want a few odd Things. How do you do, good Madam? says she. I protest I have not seen you this long Time; 'tis almost a Week, I do verily believe. Why, to tell you the Truth, Mrs. *Chat*, says I, I have a Family at Home to mind, and can't be always a-gadding. Lord, well, says she, I am sure you look purely: How does the good Doctor do, little Miss, and Master? What, I warrant there's another sweet Babe a-coming. Fye, Mrs. *Chat*, says I, how you talk—Well, but Mrs. *Green*, interrupted the impatient Miss *Martha*, this is nothing to Mrs. *Lightfame*.—By-and-bye, Madam, said Mrs. *Green*, by-and-bye; I am coming to her presently. O but I protest, I don't know where I left off—Stay—now I have it; Fye, Mrs. *Chat*, says I—Nay, says she, I am sure I heard t'other Day, as how you was breeding again. Aye, says I, Mrs. *Chat*, Folks do nothing but talk about what doesn't concern them. Nay, that's true, Madam, says she, if one was to mind all that one hears, I am sure we should cut ourselves out work enough. But pray, Madam, now you

are here, let me be so bold as to ask you, if you want a fine Piece of *Milinet* Lace; Mrs. *Lightfame* has just bought half a Dozen Yards of it: I can assure you 'tis quite a Beauty, and does one's Eyes good to look at it. La, Mrs. *Chat*, says I, I thought you had not dealt in Lace. O dear, no, Madam, says she, no more I don't; but I bought this of a Friend, who came by it by Chance, and it is such a Pen'orth——But as I was saying, Ma'am, says she, I've just cut off six Yards of it for Mrs. *Lightfame*. Aye, says I, Mrs. *Lightfame's* a fine Lady, I don't pretend to dress as she does, not I. Why to be sure, says she, Mrs. *Lightfame's* a pretty Woman, no Disparagement to others; but—and now I think on't, Ladies, you wanted to know what sort of a Body our new Neighbour is; and, for my Part, I declare I think she is something like Mrs. *Lightfame*, only a good deal slimmer and taller, and has'nt such a bold Look; besides, she is fairer and handsomer every Way to be sure; though I think, as Mrs. *Chat* says, that Mrs. *Lightfame* is a pretty Woman enough; but handsome is who handsome does.—Well, said Miss *Spatter*, if you think Mrs. *Lightfame* pretty, I have

have done with you, you sha'n't chuse *Beauties* for me.—No, nor for me, neither, said Miss *Martha*, with great Impetuosity; why her Face is as round as a Cheese, and she is freckled like a Turkey-Egg: And as for Assurance, not to say Impudence, I never saw any Body come up to her, and—Hush hush, said Mrs. *Green*, I protest, she is just coming in at the Gate.—Choak her, said Miss *Martha*, I wish she had staid a little longer.—Aye, said Miss *Spat*, long enough for us to have heard of her Affair with Sir *Francis*.—They then all fixed their Eyes on this Lady, as she walked from the Gate to the House-door. She was dressed in a rich Lustring Nightgown, without a Hoop, a flounced Gause-Apron, a white *Persian French*-Cloak, a Pitt-Cap, and a Chip-Hat turn'd up very much both before and behind. Lard, said Miss *Martha*, how fantastically she is dress'd! That frightful Cap makes her Face look ten Times broader than it did before!—Ay, said Miss *Spat*, and see how *Madam* is flounc'd and flourigg'd.

Mrs. *Green*, after winking at them, rose to receive her; and both the Miss

Spatters cried out, Dear Mrs *Lightfame*, this is prodigiously lucky. We have not seen you these two Months.—The good Fortune is entirely on my Side, Ladies, said Mrs. *Lightfame*, for I believe you have owed me a Visit this half Year.—We were just talking of you, and our new Neighbour, the Colonel's Daughter, Ma'am, said Miss *Spatter*.—O dear, said she, I hope you don't put us together, Ma'am.—Here's Mrs. *Green* has been to see her, said Miss *Martha*.—Has she, indeed? said Mrs. *Lightfame*; and pray, what Sort of an Appearance did she make?—Aye, do, Mrs. *Green*, said Miss *Martha*, tell us how she was drest.—Why, Ma'am, said Mrs. *Green*, she was drest quite in the Tip of the Mode, in one of your *Neglidgees*, without any Hoop: Nay, for my Part, I question, if she had any Petticoats under it, she looked so little and skimping. And then, she was quite without any Cap at all; and all her Hair was twisted and twirled up behind, just for all the World like a Horse's Mane.

Mrs. *Lightfame*, who went to *London* every Winter (for her Husband was a Man of Fortune, and had married her
for

for her Beauty) smiled at Mrs. *Green's* Description of, and Comments on, *Emily's* Dress. Miss *Spatter* said, Well, for my Part, I think it quite indecent to go without a Cap.—Aye, said Miss *Martha*, 'tis only fit for such confident Creatures as she: But she was all of a Piece; without Petticoats indeed! O fie for Shame. Well, I own, I think it barely decent to go without a Hoop, it shews all the Shape of one's Limbs every Time one stirs.—Not if People are a little plump, said Mrs. *Lightfame*, who was remarkably so; your long, lank, lean, wither'd Creatures, indeed, who are nothing but Skin and Bone, may perhaps thrust their scraggy Limbs through their Cloaths; but then, 'tis no great Matter, for Nobody desires to look at them.—Umph, said Miss *Martha Spatter*, who was extremely thin, sure some People think they become every Thing, and have an excellent Opinion of themselves.—I suppose, Ma'am, said Miss *Spatter*, you intend to visit this fine Lady.—Who I? said Mrs. *Lightfame*; I vow I can't tell, Ma'am: I shall do as other People do; if they visit her, I shall.—Aye, well, said Miss *Martha*, I shall never govern myself by other Peo-

ple: By what I can learn, she is a very confident young Flirt: Besides, if she was ever so modest, we are sure she was a Bastard.—Lard, cries Mrs. *Lightfame*, if People were so scrupulous in Town, we should scarce keep any Company at all: What would become of all the *Demi-reps*?—This last compound Word puzzled them all; and they stared the Speaker of it full in the Face, in Hopes she would give them an Explanation of it; but their Attention was soon diverted to another Subject. The Doctor's Servant brought his Mistress Word that Mrs. *Manlove* would wait on her, if she was not engaged. —La, cried she laughing, sure this is my visiting-Day! Pray let her know, continued she, to her Servant, that I shall be very glad to see her.—Lard, cried Mrs. *Lightfame*, I have not seen the Widow a vast while; she has not been at my House, since I told her she was jealous of Sir *Francis*.—O dear, Madam, said Mrs. *Green*, is that to be a Match pray?—La, said Miss *Spat*ter, with a Sneer, I thought Sir *Francis* was engaged in another Place; though, you know, a Man may marry one Woman, and have an Affair with another at the same Time.—I believe, said Mrs. *Lightfame*,

fame, with an arch Laugh, Sir *Francis* has no Sort of Inclination that Way; I think I can answer for him: But the poor Woman is monstrously fond of him. Lard, she made the strangest Fuss about him the last Time they met at *my* House.—La, well, cried Miss *Martha*, I always look'd upon her as a Miracle of Prudence. I wonder what she cou'd do.—Ay, pray, Madam, said Miss *Spatter*, tell us what she did at your House.

The good-natur'd Mrs. *Lightfame* was going to comply with this Request, but was prevented by the Entrance of Mrs. *Manlove* into the Room. Your Servant, Ladies all, said she; well I have been inconceivably lucky To-day, for I have just met Colonel *Melville* and his Daughter: I never saw her before: I swear 'tis a Pity the *Colonel* has found such a tall Girl, it will spoil his Marriage.—La, well Madam, said Mrs. *Green*, we have just been talking about them.—Pray how do you like her, Mrs. *Manlove*? said Miss *Spatter*.—Umph, I don't know, cried Mrs. *Manlove*, she is well enough; a meer Girl.—When do you think of going to

wait on her, Ma'am? said Miss *Martha*.—Wait on her, Madam? replied Mrs. *Manlove*, why do you think I shall go to the *Colonel*? Lud, Madam, 'tis enough to ruin my Character for ever. I, that have kept my Reputation untainted ever since poor dear Mr. *Manlove's* Death; do you think I wou'd expose myself in that Manner, to visit a single Man and his bastard Daughter? No, no, thank Heaven! I know better.—Why, Madam, said Mrs. *Lightfame*, you know it is not Miss *Melville's* Fault that her Father and Mother were not married.—O no, Ma'am, to be sure, said Mrs. *Manlove*, it is not her Fault, I wou'd not for all the World censure the Innocent: But it is a great Pity, you know, because she may take after her Mother, and every Body will be apt to think she does, whether she does or no.—Miss *Melville*? cried Miss *Martha*, pray is she called Miss *Melville*? Well, I think the *Colonel* has a good Assurance, to let her go by his Name.—Gentlemen, Madam, said Mrs. *Lightfame*, smiling, are not so delicate as Ladies in these Matters; but if he owns her, to be sure, she must go by his Name.—Ay, well, he is a naughty Man

Man for owning her, said Mrs *Manlove*: He might have married exceedingly well, if it had not been for this Affair, and really I own I am quite sorry he shou'd be so overseen; 'tis a very great Pity, for, upon my Word, the *Colonel's* a very tall and comely Man: But Bastards are sad Things, and owning them is ten times worse. I am sure, if my poor dear Mr. *Manlove* had had twenty, he wou'd never have told a Creature; but he was a quiet Soul, and never cou'd endure a Noise about any Thing: Tho', I am sure, he had not that vile Sin to answer for, of hankering after naughty Women. I can be certain he wou'd not have touch'd any one but me, if you had given him the World; nay, I am sure, if I had thought he wou'd, I shou'd never have lamented him as I have done, and do to this very Day. (Here she wept and sobb'd bitterly—) Poor Man! Nobody knows but myself what a dreadful Loss I have had; and indeed that's one Reason why I can't bear the Company of any Man since.—We must all submit to Providence, Ma'am, said Mrs. *Green*, as the Doctor says, we none of us know who shall be called upon next.--Very true, Madam, said Mrs. *Manlove*, but I say
if

if my poor Dear had not been faithful to me, I shou'dn't have grieved so much. Do you think I shou'd have car'd a Farthing for him, if he had had a Bastard? No, no, I wou'd have tore his vile Slut's Eyes out. There is no Encouragement I'm sure for Wives to be virtuous, if a Pack of flaunting Huffies are to encroach upon our Property: Every Man is his Wife's Property, and every Thing belonging to him. Pray, don't he say, with my Body I thee worship, and with all my worldly Goods I thee endow? Sure I han't forgot; 'tis not so long ago since I was married.—No, to be sure, said Mrs. *Green*, 'tis a sad Thing for a poor virtuous Woman to see her Husband go astray.

Mrs. *Lightfame* only smil'd at these Invectives against fickle Husbands, but Miss *Spatter* was not of so philosophical a Disposition. Here's a Noise, indeed, said she, with you, against the Men, as if *they* were only good for nothing: But what Punishment is bad enough for the *Women* who are naught? 'Tis very often they begin first, and do all they can to draw away the Men. For my Part, I think a wanton Wife's as bad as a wanton

ton Husband at any Time, and occasions as many Bastards.—To be sure, said Mrs. *Lightfame* (dryly, and looking down on her Fan) there can be no Bastards without Women. Men cannot get Children on one another.—Lard, how you talk ! cried Miss *Martha*, 'tis well there is no Men in the Room ; I vow my Face burns like a Furnace.—Lord you are mighty nice, Miss *Patty*, said Mrs. *Manlove* ; if you had ever been married, as we have, you wou'd know better.—There's no doubt, Madam, replied she, but I might have been married over and over, if I had liked it : But if I had, I hope I never shou'd have lost my Mod—es—ty.

As soon as Miss *Martha* had drawled out the Word *Modesty*, Sir *Thomas Worth*'s Lady enter'd the Room, and turn'd the altercation-Scene into a complimenting one.—Your Servant, Mrs. *Green*, said Lady *Worthy*, I am going to pay my Respects to Miss *Melville*. and call'd to know if you and the Doctor are engaged.—Your Ladyship is very obliging, said Mrs. *Green*, but I can't leave so much good Company : Besides, the Doctor took me there last Week.—Why
this

this is my second Visit too, said my Lady; but I found the first so very agreeable, and Miss *Melville* was so polite as to return it in a few Days, that I can't help taking the first Opportunity of going again to her, for she is a most amiable Girl: (this Epithet *amiable*, made them all wink round at each other) And I go the sooner, continued she, to set others the Example, and make them shew her the Respect which is so much due to her. I know there are some People weak enough to decline her Acquaintance, because of her Birth; but I think they wrong their own Judgments, as well as the young Lady. She is every Way innocent of the Fault of her Parents, and has had an exceeding good Education; and since her Father, who is a Man of Character, owns her in so public a Manner, and since she has been so long under Lady *Frankair's* Protection, People give themselves very high Airs indeed, who reflect upon her: So if any of these Ladies will accept of a Corner of my Coach, I shall be glad of their Company.—Why, my Lady, said Mrs. *Manlove*, I've long'd to see the Colonel's House a great while, and if you will give me Leave to wait on you—By
all

all means, Madam, said my Lady, but I have Room for two more. Mrs. *Lightfame* and Mrs. *Spatter*, what say you? I am very much oblig'd to your Ladyship, said Mrs. *Lightfame*, but I am not dress'd for a first Visit.—Mrs. *Spatter*, Ma'am, said the eldest Miss, will take another Opportunity. Her Ladyship then took away the Widow with her. As soon as she was out of the Room, Well, said Mrs. *Green*, I protest I did not think Lady *Worthy* wou'd have been so intimate there.—Oh, Lady *Worthy* may do any Thing, said Miss *Martha*, she is a Non-such.—No matter for that, said Miss *Spatter*, I wou'd not chuse to do all she will do, I can tell you. I am sure she is very wanting in some Things, not to give People their proper Title.—Well, I suppose, said Miss *Martha*, you will go and see the Girl *now*, Mrs. *Lightfame*?—Lard, cried Miss *Spatter*, I think you cou'dn't have had a better Opportunity, than to have been carried by Lady *Worthy*; and I am sure you are dressed well enough: Sure you don't stand upon Ceremony with such a Girl as that; I shou'd never think of putting on my best Cloaths to visit a Bastard. Before Mrs. *Lightfame* cou'd make a Reply,

ply, little Miss *Green*, a Child about seven Years old, ran into the Room, and cried, *Mamma, Mamma*, yonder's Mr. *Simper*, our Curate, just gone into the Wood with the Widow *Buxom*; you bid me tell you, *Mamma*, when I saw them together.—O La, cried all with one Voice, let us go and watch them.—I dare say, he will carry her off, said Mrs. *Green*; I'll step and fetch my Hat, Ladies, and be with you in a Moment: Come along with *me, Sally*.—When this good Woman's Back was turn'd, Miss *Spatter* said, Lard, what a Gossip Mrs. *Green* is! why she knows every Body's Affairs in the Parish: Well, I declare I shall be afraid to open my Lips before her for the future.—Ay, said Miss *Martha*, and to bring up the Child to it already!—I always thought her quite a Tittle-tattle Woman, said Mrs. *Lightfame*. But if one is not civil to the *Parson's* Wife, you know, she is sure to revenge it by inventing some Lye or other, tho' indeed I am above her Malice, and the Doctor's too: I despise them both. Mrs. *Green* then returned, and all vehemently express'd their great Joy, in having the Pleasure of her Company to walk with them in the Wood,
and

and highly commended her for bringing up her Daughter so notably. After a great many Compliments given and receiv'd, they set out in Pursuit of the fond Couple above-mention'd.

While the Vicar's Wife and her Neighbours were thus amusing themselves, *Emily* enjoyed a great deal of Satisfaction at her Father's House, which was considerably heighten'd by the Arrival of her valuable Friend, Mrs. *Easy*, whom the *Colonel* receiv'd with the sincerest Demonstrations of Joy. As these two Ladies had the most disinterested Esteem for each other, they lived supremely happy, and spent their Time partly at the *Colonel's*, and partly at Sir *John Frankair's*.

One Evening Mrs. *Easy* went to the *Baronet's* by herself, for *Emily* staid at Home to receive some of her Father's intimate Friends. While she was walking with them in the Park, a Coach and Six stopp'd at the great Gate: A Servant in a rich Livery knock'd, and begg'd the Master of the House wou'd suffer his Lady, who was suddenly taken ill, to alight. As the *Colonel's* Seat stood
in

in a bye Place, and as there were no Gentlemens Houses within a Mile of it, this Request did not seem to be an absurd one, and was therefore immediately granted. The *Colonel*, who happen'd to be in the Parlour with two Gentlemen, went himself, and handed the Lady out of the Coach, and led her, with the Assistance of her Woman, into it. When he had seated her, and begg'd she wou'd use no Ceremony, he left the Room and sent for his Daughter. *Emily*, as soon as she was acquainted with her Father's Commands, flew to obey them, and to offer the Lady all the Assistance she was able to give her. But who can express her Surprise, when she found these two Strangers were Mrs. *Freelove* and her Woman Mrs. *Hawley*? As for the first of them, she was too ill to take Notice of *Emily*, being seiz'd with a violent Giddiness, and as for the last, it was not her Place; so that *Emily* had with the greatest Tenderness procured her several different Remedies before she was sensible where she was.

Mrs. *Freelove* was very subject to these Fits, and had been ordered by her Physicians always to apply, if possible, an
imme-

immediate Remedy. She always, therefore, directed her People on a Journey to stop, whenever she was taken ill, at the first House they met with. She was, this Evening, returning from Lady *Granville's*, in *Essex*, to *Fairly-Manor*, and intended to lie at a Friend's House seven Miles beyond the *Colonel's*.

Emily, tho' she did every Thing in her Power to relieve Mrs. *Freelove*, felt herself in the greatest Perplexity imaginable, as she was quite at a Loss to know whether Sir *George* had acquainted her with the Change in her Affairs. When Mrs. *Freelove* came a little to herself, and saw *Emily* very officiously offering her some cordial Water, she look'd at her with great Earnestness, and cried, *Emily Willis*, I think, or else my Eyes deceive me very much!—No, Madam, said *Emily*, you are not deceiv'd. I was *Emily Willis*, and once honour'd with your Protection; but I have since been so happy as to find my Father, the Owner of this House, whose Name is *Melville*.—Your Father, Child, said she, the Owner of this House?—Yes, Madam, said *Emily*, my Father is the Owner of it, and will pay his Respects
to

to you, when you are well enough to receive them : He will also inform you of the Secret of my Birth, Madam, and endeavour to convince you I was not so wholly unworthy of the Favour you once honour'd me with, as you were made to believe.—I shall be very glad, my Child; said she, (pleas'd with *Emily's* Appearance and Assiduity) to be undeceiv'd.—Then Madam, said the *Colonel*, who just then enter'd the Room, and after having been inform'd by his Daughter who his Guest was, you must promise to make this House your Home To-Night. I shall be extremely glad of your Company, and don't think you are well enough to venture farther. You will have your old Attendant *Emily*, and Mrs. *Easy* too will in a short Time, pay her Compliments to you.—Mrs. *Freelove* seemed to be greatly surpriz'd at all she saw and heard; but before she had Time for much Reflection, Mrs. *Easy* returned from her Visit, and was excessively astonish'd to see her old Friend in that Part of the World. After the first Salutations between Mrs. *Freelove* and Mrs. *Easy* were over, the *Colonel* took the latter aside, and intreated her to assist him in clearing his Daughter of

the Crimes laid to her charge at *Fairly-Manor*.—I assure you, Sir, said Mrs. *Easy*, that I'll do my utmost to make your dear *Emily's* Merit conspicuous; and, to strengthen my Evidence, Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair* will be here at Supper.

When Mrs. *Easy* paid her Respects to Mrs. *Freelove*, with her usual Frankness and Good-humour, she did not meet with that Warmth of Friendship which she had been accustomed to. The old Lady, indeed, appeared in no small Confusion at first Sight of her, not knowing what to say, or how to act; which Confusion the gentle *Emily* attributed to her Disorder, and offer'd to conduct her to her Chamber, that she might recover herself; but she wou'd hear nothing on that Subject.—No, no, *Emily*, said she, I am almost well; these Fits never last long, if I am speedily relieved; which I have been, thanks to your hospitable Father; and surely I owe him and you so much, as to desire to have you perfectly restored to the good Opinion I once entertain'd of you. And if I have been deceiv'd, continu'd she, looking sternly at *Hawley*, I will make those

those who deceived me suffer severely.— I dare hope, Madam, said *Emily*, from the Justice of my Cause, that you will find me innocent, and then I shall be completely happy. But I believe we had better defer the Vindication of my Conduct till the Morning, as it will fatigue your Spirits too much to hear it now.—No, no, I tell you, Child, said she, I chuse to hear your Story now.

The *Colonel* then began, assisted by Mrs. *Easy*, to relate every Thing that had happen'd to *Emily*, from the Day of her Birth to that Moment. The Letters she received from the *Earl* and Sir *George* were produced, with her Answers to them, which tended greatly to corroborate the Evidence in her Favour. But when the last Letters which pass'd between Sir *George* and her were produced, she was greatly disconcerted, not knowing how the old Lady wou'd relish her agreeing to have her Nephew, if he cou'd get *her* Consent. As she seem'd, however, very much pleas'd with her Conduct, she entertain'd some Hopes that this Part of her Story wou'd not be disagreeable to her. And her Hopes were

were not frustrated; for Mrs. *Freelove*, when it was finish'd, highly applauded her whole Behaviour, and said, Come hither, *Emily*, to my Arms; thou art worthy to be my Niece: thy Illegitimacy shall be no Obstacle, since thy Father and Mother sprung from such good Families.

Emily received the old Lady's Caresses with a most winning Modesty, and a Rapture she never felt before, and replied, You honour me greatly, Madam, and I will always be very studious to deserve such animating Marks of your Affection and Esteem.—You are thoroughly worthy of both, said Mrs. *Freelove*; you know I always loved you, till I was made to believe you did not merit my Regard: But some of your Enemies are sufficiently punished, for their malicious Endeavours to make you odious and contemptible in my Eyes, and I will take Care to punish the rest myself.—No, Madam, said the humane, forgiving *Emily*; let me intreat you to throw a Veil over all past Transactions; for since I have the Happiness to be restored to your Favour, my Joy wou'd be much diminished, if I thought I

should be the Cause of Uneasiness to any Body.—Well, well, said Mrs. *Freelove*, you have an excellent Disposition, *Emily*—I must call you *Emily* still—You was always gentle and compassionate. But where can my Nephew be? Sure he has mistaken the Route. I have been three Days on my Journey, and paid several Visits as I came along, in my Way home; but little did I think of seeing Miss *Willis*—*Melville*, I mean. Pray excuse me, Child, I grow old; my Memory is not so good as it was.—Call me what you please, Madam, said *Emily*; you cannot call me by a disagreeable Name.—Umph! I suppose you won't be sorry, said Mrs. *Freelove* smiling, when I call you Niece: Come, come, you cannot but own that you love Sir *George*. *Emily* colour'd at this last Sentence, and said, I can't help seeing Sir *George's* great Merit, Madam.—Well, said she, my Dear, you have quite reform'd him, I assure you: He never wou'd have thought of settling with any Woman but you. But I think *Easy* deserves some Returns for all her Goodness to you. She has been a true Friend; and I am very glad *she* also is restored to me; I own I thought

she had dealt unfairly with me about *you*, but I now think she has prov'd herself to be an exceeding worthy Woman, and that we are all in her Debt.—It shall be my Care, Madam, said *Emily*, to make Mrs. *Easy* some Amends for the many Civilities I have received from her; tho', after all the Payments I can make, I shall still remain her Debtor. She then turn'd to Mrs. *Easy*, and, with a smiling Curtsy, presented a very rich Pocket-Book to her. Mrs. *Easy*, on opening it, found a Note for 1000 *l*. and wou'd have return'd it: This is too rich a Present, *Colonel*, said she, offering it to him; but I will keep the Book for my dear *Emily's* Sake, as well as yours.—No, Madam, said the *Colonel*, I insist upon your keeping it; it can't be in better Hands: You have made me a Present, pointing to his Daughter, which I can never prize too much; and I hope I shall live to make you Returns more adequate to the Favour you have conferr'd on me. Mrs. *Easy* was quite confounded at this unexpected Instance of Generosity; while *Emily*, charm'd with her Father's Behaviour to her, thank'd him, in the strongest Terms, for his Gratitude to her dear and valu-

able Friend. Mrs. *Freelove* also was charm'd with his Behaviour, and said, I am so extremely pleas'd with you, *Colonel*, that I must insist on your giving me your Company at *Fairly-Manor*, along with *Easy* and your Daughter.—I am very much obliged to you, Madam, said he, for your kind Invitation, but must decline accepting it for a few Days, because I have a little Business of Consequence on my Hands; when that is done, I will pay my Respects to you with a great deal of Pleasure. However, Madam, continued he, if you please, *Emily* shall attend you.—Ay, ay, said Mrs. *Freelove*, I must have her. As soon as they had fixed their Journey for the Morning, Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair* arrived, who said and did every Thing in their Power to show Mrs. *Freelove* how much they esteemed Miss *Melville*.

When they had breakfasted the next Morning, Mrs. *Easy*, after taking Leave of the *Colonel*, who promis'd to be at *Fairly-Manor*, at the latter End of the Week, got into Mrs. *Freelove*'s Coach with *Emily*. As Mrs. *Freelove* and Mrs. *Easy* had a great many Things to say to each

each other, the Journey did not seem tedious to *them*, but to *Emily* it was very irksome; for the Uncertainty she was in with regard to Sir *George*, made her wish impatiently to see the old *Manor-House* again, in Hopes of hearing where he was: But tho' she thought she was not to blame for indulging anxious Reflections about him, she suppressed her Curiosity; and it was not without the greatest Uneasiness she saw the good Lady and her Friend alight, without asking the Servant if he had been there. This Uneasiness, however, was soon dissipated, for the Servant in a little While told Mrs. *Freelove*, that Sir *George* arrived the Night before, and was very desirous of seeing her.—Well, said she, let him be told I am come, and shall be glad of his Company. Sir *George*, as soon as he received this Message, flew to his Aunt; but, on the unexpected Sight of *Emily*, started back full of Astonishment. Mrs. *Freelove* diverted herself a few Moments with her Nephew's Surprise, who cou'd not in the least comprehend the Reason of her being there: But as he beheld a pleasing Confusion in her Face, he was going to advance to her: Stay, Sir *George*, said she to him,

taking *Emily* by the Hand, you must have *my* Consent before you meddle with this Lady. She then led *Emily* towards him, and said, Here, Sir *George*, take one of the most deserving Women in the World with open Arms, for I now consent to make her your Wife. She is every way deserving of your Affection and Esteem: take her, therefore, on *my* Recommendation, and make her as happy as you can. I highly approve of your Choice, and am only sorry I have so long been blind to her Merit.

This Speech increased Sir *George's* Astonishment; his Aunt's Behaviour appear'd quite mysterious to him. He seiz'd, however, his dear *Emily's* Hand with the highest Transport, and thus expressed his Gratitude. I want Words, Madam, said he, to tell you how much I am obliged to you for applauding my Choice of this Lady, whom I receive as the greatest Treasure in the World. But how comes it, Madam, that I see you thus at *Fairly-Manor* with Miss *Melville*? — And *Easy* too, said Mrs. *Freelove*; you don't seem to know that *she* is here. — Forgive me, dear Madam, said he to
Mrs.

Mrs. *Easy*, for over-looking you: But you rejoice too much, I am sure, at the Occasion of my Neglect, to be offended. The kind Preserver of my *Emily* must always merit my sincerest Esteem. But, pray Madam, continued he to Mrs. *Freelove*, tell me how I come to be thus amazingly, thus unexpectedly happy.—First tell me, said Mrs. *Freelove*, where you have been in search of me.—To Lady G——'s, said he, where I learned that you were set out for *Fairly-Manor*, but intended to call at several Places by the Way. To all those Places, for I desir'd to hear the Names of them, I went, but cou'd not meet with you. I therefore return'd to this Mansion, and have waited for you with the utmost Impatience. But to see you with my *Emily*, and to be assured that she will be for ever mine, these are unutterable Joys.—If you will suppress your Transports for a while, said Mrs. *Freelove*, I'll tell you how these astonishing Revolutions have been brought about. Sir *George* then bowed, and Mrs. *Freelove* told him all that had pass'd at the *Colonel's*. When she had finish'd her Tale, she said, And now, Sir, I suppose you will be glad to talk with my Girl yourself a little:

Come *Easy*, you shall go with me into my Dressing-room. Sir *George* and *Emily* were then left together. The first half Hour was spent by him in Expressions of the tenderest Passion, which he wou'd have persuaded *Emily* to return with equal Ardor, but she sat almost in a State of Stupefaction. You say nothing, my Angel, said he; are you sorry that you promised in your last Letter to be mine if the *Colonel* and Mrs. *Freelove* consented to our Union?—No, Sir *George*, said she, with a sweet Smile, not in the least; but I am hardly recover'd from the Surprize which so many sudden and unlook'd for Events have occasion'd. I never believed I shou'd be so happy as I am at present: I scarce know how to think that my Happiness is real.—Nothing can be more certain, my Love, said he, nothing can be more perfect than *my* Happiness, if I am capable of making *yours*: And I flatter myself that you have always had some Esteem for me, though you thought it imprudent to let me perceive the Workings of your Heart. I have had my Spies, Miss *Melville*, ever since you quitted this Place, and know every Step you have taken, though I did not unmask myself, for
 Fear

Fear of displeasing you. I was very much afraid, you would not pardon my Behaviour when you were at Mrs. Bond's, but I could not bear to think you should live in such a Manner as to stand in need of the common Conveniencies of Life.—I guessed, said she smiling, that Mrs. Bond's Complaisance was the Effect of *your* Generosity; and, therefore, dared not to trust myself any longer with her.—Matchless Discretion! cried he; every Action of yours transported me, though it was contrary to my Wishes. But say, my *Emily*, tell me, did you never think of me? did you never wish to see the Man, who could have died for you?—Yes, said she, I always thought of you; always wish'd to see you; and, therefore, was afraid to give way to my Inclination.—Charming Creature! said he, go on, and tell me all the Emotions you felt. Did you love me, *Emily*? Could you love, and be at the same Time so very discreet?—Why, did not *you* love, reply'd she, and was not *you* discreet? You neither wrote nor came after me, when I entreated you to put a Stop to your Letters and your Visits.—Aye, said he, but it was with the greatest Reluctance that I complied with your cruel Request.

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quest. But I loved you so sincerely, that I would have done any Thing in the World to have avoided your Displeasure.—Well, said she, but that Compliance was the strongest Proof you could give me of your Esteem for me; and such an Effect it had on me, that it heighten'd my Regard for you.—Esteem and Regard! what cold Expressions are these, my dearest *Emily*? said he. Do not you feel something more than Esteem, something more than Regard, for a Man who loves you, even to Madness loves you? who has suffer'd the greatest Anxieties for your Sake, and who would freely sacrifice *his own* Life to make *yours* happy?—Don't load me with Reproaches, said she blushing; I don't deserve them: If you knew what I have endur'd on your Account, and could imagine the Night I pass'd, after I saw you at the Play, for the first Time after your Illness, you would be perfectly satisfied with my Sentiments about you. And even now, I am somewhat uneasy for Fear you should have some Remains of your Disorder. Are you perfectly recovered?—Dearest Creature, said he, how your Words delight me! But tell me what you thought of me that Night?—You don't

don't answer my Question, said she; pray tell me, if you find yourself perfectly well.—Perfectly well, said he, I assure you, my Angel.—Don't deceive me, Sir, said she.—Have I ever deceived you, my dear Creature? reply'd he.—Never but once in the Coach you know, said she smiling.—Aye, answer'd he, and how I gloried in the Success of my little Stratagem! From the Moment my lovely Girl discover'd so much tender Concern for me, I have not felt a happier till now; and even now, I shall look back on past Scenes with Regret, if you don't speedily give me Reason to believe, that I am dearer to you than ever.—You *are*, said she, looking at him very tenderly, you *are* dearer to me than ever. I always loved you; even at the Time when I condemn'd myself for thinking favourably of you. But, though I could not drive you from my Imagination, I was determined to fly from your Presence for ever.—What a noble Resolution! said he: I now see my Error clearly. I am now, Thanks to my *Emily*, entirely convinced that my Scheme of Life could neither be Praise-worthy, nor productive of Happiness. What Encomiums are due to my sweet Girl, for

I 6 her

her Perseverance ! Had you yielded to my importunate Wishes, we might perhaps have been happy for a while ; but how short-liv'd would have been our Felicity ? *You* would always have regarded *me* as your Undoer ; and *I* should have doubted *your* Fidelity, from that false Maxim, (however proper it may be to deter young People of both Sexes from illegal Attachments) that she, who will submit to be kept by one Man for *his* Pleasure, may keep, or be kept by, another for *her own*. But now, I am sure your Heart has been faithful to me, amidst the Variety of Difficulties you have surmounted with so much Fortitude : *I* too, my Love, have been as faithfully yours, for from the Time I knew your uncommon Worth, I never had the least Inclination to rove.

What an excessive Satisfaction do I feel, said she, by having my Conduct so highly approved of by the Man whom I love so sincerely !—Your Conduct, *Emily*, reply'd he, has been so uniformly irreproachable, that it must merit the Approbation of every Body. So many excellent Qualities, together with so many natural Graces, I never found united in
one

one Woman before. *Emily* blush'd at the fond Praises her Lover lavish'd on her, though she was delighted to hear them, and said, If I can but appear always as agreeable in your Eyes, as I do at present, and make your Life happy, I shall not have a Wish unsatisfied.—That my Love for you, said he, will be permanent, you may rationally believe, because it is founded not on Passion, but Esteem. Your personal Charms first caught my Eyes. Yet *those* would have made but a slight Impression on me, if Charms of another Kind had not seconded *their* Attacks. It was the Sprightliness of your Conversation, it was the Sweetness of your Disposition, it was the innate Goodness of your Heart, which I particularly prized; for those are Charms which will bloom, when the Eye has lost its Luitre, and the Skin its Colour. You may be sure, therefore, my dear *Emily*, that I shall never cease to love you: You are the entire Mistress of my Heart: And, to convince you, that you will always remain so, I will frankly own that you did not win it in a Hurry: For though I was struck at first Sight, I was loth to yield: And it is by having studied your Manners thoroughly, that I
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am so perfectly convinc'd of your intrinsic Worth, and so firmly attach'd to you by the triple Ties of Love, Reverence, and Esteem.

Emily listen'd with Rapture to her Lover's Protestations; and began to feel herself, for the first Time, compleatly happy; and no longer conceal'd the Secrets of her gentle Breast from him. They pass'd above two Hours in this Manner, before either of them thought there were other Folks in the House who would be glad to partake of their Felicity. *Emily* propos'd to go to Mrs. *Freelove*; but Sir *George* would not give her Leave, unless she suffer'd him to accompany her. They both went therefore, Arm in Arm, to the old Lady's Dressing-Room, whom they found there very busy with Mrs. *Easy*, about settling every Thing for their Wedding-Day. She seem'd excessively pleas'd at their coming together; and said, with a chearful Air, Come, Children, let me consult with you about many Things that are to be done. But first let me do Justice, continued she, turning to *Hawley*, leave me instantly, and never let me see your Face again. After the Falshoods you
have

have dar'd to utter against this young Lady, I cannot suffer you to be in my Sight.—Dear Madam, said *Emily*, let me intreat you to pardon Mrs. *Hawley*; she might be misinformed, or over-persuaded; believing she did but her Duty in acquainting you with what she heard. Let me beg you, therefore, Madam, to receive her into Favour again. — Indeed, my good Lady, said *Hawley* whimpering—Hold your Tongue, said Mrs. *Free-love* sternly; to oblige my Niece, I pardon you, but will hear no Vindication; there can be none in such a Case: You may stay, since she desires it, till I can provide for myself more to my Satisfaction. But what shall I say to Lady G——'s? Tho' indeed, my dear *Emily*, she suffers severely for all her Follies: Yet I will write to her, and let her know what I think of her Conduct.—No, pray, Madam, said *Emily*, let all past Transactions be forgot. I must have appeared to my Lady in a very disagreeable Light at that Time; I am sure she was very excusable.—No indeed, said Mrs. *Free-love*, not at all! but we will talk of her another Time. Come hither Sir *George*, *Easy* and I have had a little Dispute
about

about the Preparations for your Marriage; I would have them suitable to our Family and Fortune, but she says we shall not have Patience to wait for the making of them.—I am quite of Mrs. *Easy's* Mind, said Sir *George*; let us, good Madam, not wait for needless Formalities: True Happiness cannot consist in Flutter and Parade.—No, said Mrs. *Freelove*, but I will have Things as they should be, for *Emily's* Honour.—*Emily*, Madam, said Sir *George*, is a dear Creature, and will excuse all that, in order to hasten *my* Happiness: for Heaven's Sake, then, Madam, let it not be long retarded. As soon as the *Colonel* comes, let the Nuptial Ceremony be performed.—Well then, said Mrs. *Freelove*, since you are in such a violent Hurry, you will not have Time to provide Jewels fit for your Wife to wear: She must, therefore, accept of mine till she can have some set in the newest Fashion. Here, *Emily*, said she, take this Necklace, these Ear-rings, and Crochets; they will serve you for the present; but let *him* give you every Thing that's fit for you besides. *Emily* made Mrs. *Freelove* proper Acknowledgments for all her Favours; and said, As these Jewels
are

are very fine, Madam, they will be quite sufficient.—No, indeed, my *Emily*, said Sir *George*, I shall take Care, that you shall have every Thing agreeable to your Taste and Rank ; but, as the waiting for them will be tedious, my Aunt is extremely obliging to supply our present Wants. Mrs. *Freelove* then fixed on the best Apartment in her House for them during their Stay with her after their Marriage ; and gave Orders to have it made ready. *Emily* consulted with her and Mrs. *Easy*, about the Choice of Wedding-Cloaths ; and Sir *George* left them all sitting, for the Dispatch of very important Business, in order to send away several Couriers to *London*.

Colonel *Melville*'s Arrival at *Fairly-Manor*, rejoiced the whole Family. Sir *George* received the Father of his *Emily* with the greatest Respect : He was, indeed, charm'd to find he was going to be allied to so agreeable a Man ; and the *Colonel* was no less pleased with his Son-in-Law elect. As the *Colonel* was very willing to give his Daughter a handsome Fortune, and as the *Baronet* was very willing to make a handsome Settlement,

ment, the Writings were soon finish'd ; and nothing remain'd to be settled, but the Wedding-Day ; which, by the Consent of all Parties, was the *Sunday* following ; for the happy Pair chose to be married in the Face of the whole Congregation, to shew the World that they were not ashamed of each other ; and to set a good Example to the rest of the Parish. Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair* were invited on this Occasion ; and there was a very numerous Assembly of both Sexes to see the Bride and Bridegroom. *Emily* was dress'd in a white Lustring Negligee, with no other Ornaments than her native Beauties, which it was not in her Power to conceal. Sir *George* treated her with the highest Respect and Tendernefs. They were gaz'd at with Admiration by the surrounding Croud. Some of the old Country-Women cry'd, Aye, God bless their sweet Faces, there has not been such a mortal fine Couple here this many a Day. Others, a little more *polish'd*, wonder'd how a Bastard came to be so handsome. Others thought she had excellent Luck, and was more honour'd than her Betters.—Such were the general Remarks. All the Women envy'd *Emily* ; all the Men, Sir *George*.
Sir

Sir *John* and Lady *Frankair* stay'd a Week at *Fairly-Manor*, and then return'd home; leaving the *Colonel* and Mrs. *Easy*, with Sir *George* and his Lady, who were to stay with Mrs. *Freelove* the Remainder of the Summer, while an elegant House was preparing for them in Town. Five happier People were not to be met with.

Sir *George* and *Emily*, tho' they were highly pleas'd with their Relations and their Friends, often chose to ramble about the neighbouring Villages for several Miles, in a fine Evening, by themselves, in order to talk over past Troubles, and exchange rapturous Expressions on their present Felicity. In one of these Evening Walks, as they pass'd thro' a very pleasant Field, *Emily* took notice of a Woman, very different in her Dress from the Rustics in that Part of the Country. She was sitting under a Hedge munching a large Slice of Bread and fat Bacon, which she seem'd to do with a great Deal of Satisfaction. She was cloathed in a ragged *Irish*-Stuff Sack, the Colours of which had once been Pea-green and Crimson, but almost obliterated by Time and Dirt. There was
not

not the least Appearance of Linen, either about her Arms, or on her Neck, which was cover'd with a tatter'd Piece of black Crape, in the Form of a Handkerchief. Her Face was almost buried in an old greasy Blue-silk Bonnet, but upon her applying a Wicker-flask to her Mouth, Lady *Freelove* saw enough of it, to know it belong'd to her old Acquaintance Mrs. *Hippocrene*, the Wife of that most renowned Bard, and Bookseller, mention'd at the Beginning of this History. She immediately inform'd Sir *George* of the Discovery she had made, and they both propos'd to receive no small Satisfaction by conversing with so extraordinary a Personage. *Emily* made up to her before she was aware of her Approach, so much was she intent upon her Repast, and said, How long have you been in *England*, Mrs. *Hippocrene*? Don't you know me? This sudden Accost from so elegant a Lady, and the familiar Posture she was in with so fine a Gentleman (for Lady *Freelove* was leaning carelessly on Sir *George's* Arm) not a little astounded Madam *Hippocrene*, who started on her Legs in an Instant, and peeping under her Ladyship's Hat, cried, By all the im-

mortal

mortal Gods, I am egregiously deceived if you are not Miss *Willis*!—My Name was indeed *Willis*, said *Emily*, when you left me; but pray what is become of Mr. *Hippocrene*, Madam, and when will he pay me my Fortune?—O Child, replied she, I see you are entirely unacquainted with our History; such a Series of Adventures have we met with since we left this Island!—But I am now collecting them into a neat pocket Volume; they will soon be ready for the Press, only Mr. *Hippocrene* and I can't agree about the Title. He insists on calling them the Adventures of *Henricus* and *Astræa*, that is, our own Names a little touch'd up—you know what I mean.—This Title, he says, is simple, expressive, and altogether after the Manner of the Antients: But I am of a different Opinion.—I thought, Madam, said *Emily*, your Name had been *Hannah*.—Aye, said she, that was the Name my illiterate Parents gave me at the baptismal Font, a Name so full of Consonants that one cannot liquidize it to any tolerable Harmony. The *French* you know, Miss *Willis*, have almost expunged that barbarous Letter *H*, out of the Alphabet: I don't think Madam *Dacier* cou'd have been taught

taught to pronounce it in her Life-time : I therefore, when I came to Years of Discretion, to which indeed I arrived very early, for I was always a ruminating Creature, made myself be called *Astræa* ; this Word, you know, is vastly smooth, and has a most enchanting Dipthong at the End of it : Besides, it is the Appellation by which the antient Poets distinguish the Goddesses of Justice, and therefore I chose it also ; for you know as I was always *inflexible to ill, and obstinately just*, I cou'd not have christen'd myself in a better Manner.—Sir George was ready to burst with laughing at this Speech of Mrs. *Hippocrene's* ; he kept his Mirth within Bounds, however, as well as he cou'd, that he might not retard the Relation, he was in hopes, she wou'd make of these Adventures. He ask'd her what Title *she* had fix'd on for her Work, and told her he shou'd be glad to be a Subscriber. This Speech encourag'd her to go on.—Why Sir, said she, I have fixed on a much more sonorous Title ; I shall call it the *Peregrinations of Poesy, or the Heroic Fugitives*.—Aye, said Sir George, that is something like a Title.—Yes Sir, said she, I know every Body of Taste must think so.

so. I see, Sir, you have Taste; but Mr. *Hippocrene* is such an obstinate Dolt! Sure the greatest of all Misfortunes on this terrestrial Globe, is for a Woman of Genius to be yoked with a Man who has a groveling Soul, weak Intellects, and vulgar Ideas! Had he been govern'd by me about his Play, we had never seen that bog-trotting Place, *Ireland*.—O, pray how was that Affair manag'd? said Lady *Freelove*.—Why to be sure, said Mrs. *Hippocrene*, you must have heard how it was rejected by the Managers of both Houses: A sure Sign of their Deficiency in Judgment and Taste: Mr. *Hippocrene*, however, cou'd not oblige them to take it, you know, but really the Disappointment almost turn'd his Head, poor Man: He roar'd and swore and curs'd both the managers, and said he never shou'd enjoy himself any more, if his Piece was not brought on some Stage or other. So at last he over-persuaded me to go with him to *Ireland*: But by *Juno* if I had foreseen what wou'd have been the Consequence, I wou'd not have budg'd an Inch: What Pity 'tis that we have not *Soothsayers* and *Augurers* in the Manner of the sagacious Antients, that we
might

might know the evil and propitious Hour, and act accordingly! The *Romans* were a great People, a very great People indeed: But there is neither Law nor Justice in any of our Islands.—Well, but Madam, said Sir *George*, as Mr. *Hippocrene* has not yet disposed of his Piece, he may try his Fortune again next Season; by re-touching it a little, he may perhaps make it very fit for one of the Houses.—Why I don't know, as you say, Sir, but it may, replied she; for I assure you it has met with great Applause.—O then it has been performed in *Ireland*? said Sir *George*.—No, Sir, said Mrs. *Hippocrene*, no no, it was never represented on the *Dublin* Theatre, they never had that Honour: No, Sir; Mr. *Hippocrene* and I met with so much ill Fortune there, that we determin'd to return speedily to *England*: We landed safe at *Chester* about a Fortnight ago, where we chose to rest a little, after the Fatigues we had undergone by Land and Sea: There happen'd to be a Company of Players in that City, so we enter'd ourselves among them, purely on account of this Play: But as soon as we propos'd it to them, they absolutely refus'd to put it in Rehearsal: This rude

Be-

Behaviour provok'd Mr. *Hippocrene* to Madnefs; he foam'd at the Mouth, and utter'd fuch unintelligible Words, that I was perfectly convinced his Reason had totally deserted him: In fhort, his Head was quite addled, and his Mind fo much difordered, that, to comfort him, I propos'd the acting it ourfelves, in order to convince the People, whether they wou'd or no, that it was a good Thing. So we quitted thofe poor ignorant, wretched, taftelefs Creatures immediately, and travelled within a few Miles of this Place, where we got a Farmer to lend us his Barn, and laft Night it was perform'd to a numerous Audience—And met, I conclude, faid Sir *George*, with very great Applaufe; but you muft have had fome of the Players to act the under Parts.—Not a Soul, upon my Honour, faid ſhe; Mr. *Hippocrene* and myfelf, with the Children, went thro' the whole Piece; but it was a moft incredible Fatigue: But what wou'd not one do for Fame and Glory? Poor Mr. *Hippocrene* was in every Place at once, as he had all the Male Characters to represent himfelf, except *Apollo*. I undertook *Apollo*, but I fucceeded better in *Venus*, tho' I vow, I

had not Time to provide a proper Dress ; but my very Soul was in the Thing, and when once one is thoroughly animated, you know, one does Wonders.

Sir *George* and *Emily* were excessively delighted with Mrs. *Hippocrene*, and, telling her they would make it their Business to see her soon again, took their leave, and set off together for the *Manor*.

To be brief : The ever-compassionate *Emily* not only forgave them for having embezzled her Money, but pitied their Condition, and entreated Sir *George* to endeavour to relieve them. As he was always very willing to comply with the Requests of his amiable Wife, he immediately furnish'd them with every Thing necessary for Beginning the World once more. But this Act of Generosity was ill-bestowed ; the Bard's unfortunate Fondness for the Tragic Muse, would not suffer him long to enjoy the Bounty of his Benefactors. He soon finished another Piece, equally ridiculous with the former : and, finding it impossible to bring it on either of the Theatres in Town, set out with his whole Family in a very tatter'd Condition for *Bristol*.

Emily,

Emily, in the mean time, enjoyed the highest Felicity with her amiable Husband, who made it constantly the chief Study of his Life to oblige her.

Mrs. *Easy* spent a great Part of her Time with her Friend, and Mrs. *Freelove*; and the Colonel shared his happy Hours among them. All Sir *George's* Relations and Acquaintance acknowledg'd Lady *Freelove's* Merit, and paid her the greatest Respect. Even Lady *Caroline* treated her, outwardly, with the greatest Affability; but her Temper, never a good one, had been so much soured by a jealous Husband, and bad Luck at Play, that she was seldom in an affable Humour.

The *Earl*, soon after these Transactions, married a very deserving Woman, who commenc'd an Intimacy with Lady *Freelove*, to the great Satisfaction of her Husband, who always retain'd the highest esteem for *Emily*; and, indeed, every Body who was acquainted with her, felt strong Prepossessions in her Favour.

F I N I S.

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